

THE LIGUORIAN

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading*

February

1945

Catechism for Critics

Adventure by Parachute

Rich Land, Poor Land

The Chain Prayer "Curse"

Reflections on Mud

The Doctor and Democracy

The Callous Jew

Military Training for All? (p. 87) — What Makes a Best Seller? (p. 88)
— Against Intemperance and Intoxication (p. 89)

Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

AMONGST OURSELVES

February is marked, on Catholic calendars, by two important features: it is Catholic Press month, and it ushers in the season of Lent. Confidentially speaking as an editor, we admit to mixed feelings concerning Catholic Press month. One part of the mixture is an acute sense of humility and even humiliation over the fact that it is necessary to set aside a time to push and promote Catholic reading. There is an uneasy feeling that if we were doing our job right, there would be little need of urging and campaigning for readers. This feeling is at once crossed, of course, by the realization that free human beings do have to be urged at times to do things that are simply and directly connected with their happiness, and by the conviction that there are thousands of persons unknowingly but impatiently groping for the things represented by the Catholic Press. Someone must tell these people what they want because they do not know it—that is the fundamental reason behind campaigns in behalf of the Catholic Press. It still remains true, however, that there is no use campaigning unless editors are convinced, not only of the responsibility of presenting truth, but also

of the necessity of attracting and pleasing the beauty-loving instincts of potential readers. They will be inspired to maintain that consciousness if readers speak frankly, especially during Catholic Press month, to the editors they patronize, and perhaps give a practical vote of confidence where they think it deserved, by putting Catholic publications into the hands of those who they think either need or will enjoy them.

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About the beginning of Lent, we have no mixed feelings. We share the universal consciousness of sin and the penalties of sin, which have, for the past several years, been so tragically spread out before everyone's view. Lent's purpose is to make individuals realize that their own sins have created sorrow and woe; that the condition of joy and peace is penance and increasing love of God and neighbor. With extra prayer and penance, with meditation and self-examination, with courage and determination, we ask all to join us this Lent in laying the foundations for our own lasting peace.

The Liguorian

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Catechism for Critics	- - - - -	51
D. F. MILLER		
Rich Land, Poor Land	- - - - -	61
B. VAN HOOMISSEN		
Reflections on Mud	- - - - -	71
E. F. MILLER		
The Doctor and Democracy	- - - - -	75
W. F. MCKEE		

STORIES AND BIOGRAPHY

Adventure by Parachute	- - - - -	55
H. F. WADE		
The Chain Prayer "Curse"	- - - - -	66
C. D. MCENIRY		
The Callous Jew	- - - - -	80
W. J. LOCKMAN		

FEATURES

Song for a Soldier (Verse)	- - - - -	50
J. G. DUYN		
Test of Character	- - - - -	54
L. M. MERRILL		
For Wives and Husbands Only	- - - - -	65
D. F. MILLER		
Three Minute Instruction	- - - - -	70
Thought for the Shut-In	- - - - -	74
L. F. HYLAND		

DEPARTMENTS

Sideglances	- - - - -	84
Catholic Anecdotes	- - - - -	86
Pointed Paragraphs	- - - - -	87
Liguoriania	- - - - -	90
Book Lovers' Department	- - - - -	92
Lucid Intervals	- - - - -	96

Song for a Soldier

(Written for ROBERT N. LESTER, killed in action on Leyte.)

The green-gold birds perch silent in the leaves
Above the place where now you lie;
The vast and lonely jungle, weeping, weaves
Memorials that touch the sky,
.....asking why.

Their voice cries louder than the battle-hells
Whose flaming breakers Leyte comb,
And louder than the coughing cannon-knells
That ride white manes of ocean foam,
.....going home.

For in these vines the wind strums low and long
Its requiems unheard, unknown;
And carves an echo of its sorrow's song
In Leyte's cavern heart of stone,
.....and my own.

Against the great warm Heart of God you sleep;
Upon your lashes lies the fruit
Of beatific tears that heroes reap
Who got their life and gained the loot . . .
.....lying mute.

Oh rest forever then, on Leyte's shore.
Forget us mourning round its reef.
A God can heal the wounds of wailing war;
And I shall know a God's relief. . . .
.....for my grief.

J. G. Duyn

CATECHISM FOR CRITICS

The critics here mentioned are those who have minds filled with objections to the Catholic Press as a whole or any part of it. Where criticism is valid, it is admitted. This is a background for Cathole Press month activities.

D. F. MILLER

Why should I, who am a busy person with seldom a minute to spare, read anything?

Because without any reading whatsoever, you are permitting the greatest power you possess to atrophy, viz., your power to think. If you have so ordered your life that you are always doing some work, or going some place, or conversing with somebody, or watching some spectacle, or listening to some radio program, it is probable that your mind has become almost completely sterile. Your actions are usually due, in that case, to unconscious reflexes, or to imitation of others, or to the baser instincts that are found in human nature. You can control your life only through your mind; you can stimulate and inform your mind mainly through reading.



Why should I read Catholic publications, when I find it much more interesting to read secular magazines and papers?

Because it is infinitely important to think now and then about the moral and spiritual side of life, without which you can never be really happy nor ever save your immortal soul.

Because a diet of only secular newspapers and magazines can lull you into spiritual sleep and even spiritual blindness and paralysis. It can lead you into temptations against faith, temptations against purity, temptations against all the virtues allied with religion.

Because reading, though freely indulged in, is always a process of educa-

tion. If you read only pagan material, which is the name that must be given to the general run of secular newspapers and magazines, you are educating yourself as a pagan. If you read some Catholic newspapers and magazines, even if only for enjoyment, you are educating yourself as a Christian.

Because the greatest real satisfaction that the human mind can enjoy is to be found in the search for and the embrace of truth. If you are a Catholic at all, you know that the truth is in your faith. The more you know it and understand it, the more you will enjoy it.

Because there are innumerable events transpiring in the modern world on which the only correct viewpoint can be gained from Catholic reading matter. Secular papers and magazines give you, usually, either an un-Catholic or anti-Catholic view.



Why should I read Catholic publications when I have found the several that I have looked into unappealing, boring, puerile, and anything but artistic and literary?

Because the "several" you looked into are not to be taken as true samples of all Catholic publications. There are over 300 Catholic publications in the United States. They are edited for a wide variety of reader tastes, temperaments and educational grades. It can be admitted that some are unappealing and inartistic for any grade of reader. But that is not true of all nor of the majority. If you admit to a cogent reason

for reading Catholic material at all, you should admit a responsibility to look around for the type that appeals to your taste and education. It can be found.

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Why is so much effort wasted on many mediocre Catholic publications, when it would be so much more effective if there were just one first-rate paper or periodical?

Because of what is said above: there are so many different classes of Catholic readers, divided according to taste, temperament and education, that one publication could not possibly adapt itself to all.

Because it would be impossible to get unity of effort on the part of all Catholics to promote and spread a single Catholic publication, even if one adapted to all types could be produced. The enthusiasm and leadership for spreading Catholic literature must come from those who produce it; if only one organ is produced, enthusiasm and zeal would in great measure be limited to the producers of that organ, and many people would never hear of it.

Because the Church would never use her authority (the only means that could limit Catholic publications to one "perfect" medium) to silence and throttle any Catholic who wished to spread the good word of truth, so long as the proper safeguards of faith and morals are utilized.

●

Why cannot some Catholic publication be produced that will become as popular and widely read as some of the secular publications, such as Life, Saturday Evening Post, Colliers', etc., which have millions of subscribers?

Because there will always be a larger market in America for "smart," "world-

ly," "unreligious" types of publications, so long as sixty to seventy per cent of the people are worldly-minded, unreligious, and out and out pagan, and so long as a good percentage of Catholics are Catholic only in name, preferring secular reading matter exclusively.

Because it must be admitted that Catholic publishers who are zealous for the spread of truth have nevertheless not utilized as fully as they might (without prejudice to principle or their cause) modern journalistic methods, techniques, artifices and appeals. Too many Catholic journalists have plunged or been plunged into the field without journalistic training or preparation of any kind.

Because rich "Catholics," who could promote the artistry and appeal of Catholic publications, either by investment or donation, are almost 100 per cent more interested in investing and donating toward other causes, usually secular, or in keeping their vast fortunes intact until their death.

Because, it must be admitted again, Catholic publications are so often a means to an extraneous end: viz., the support of some good religious cause to which all surplus income is dedicated, with the result that profits are not used to improve the publication and attract readers and to hire the best possible talent no matter what it might cost. The "causes" that Catholic publications serve are good and praiseworthy; but the time has come (and long ago) when the providing of attractive, even irresistible Catholic reading matter is a cause in its own right second to none and worthy of the widest possible investment of funds and talent.

Because Catholic writers, editors and journalists find it difficult to resist the lure of high salaries and fame that can be offered by the secular press as soon

THE LIGUORIAN

as their talents are recognized. The number of first class journalists and writers who have graduated (?) from the obscure, self-sacrificing but valiant ranks of the still pioneering Catholic press staffs to the metropolitan dailies, the syndicated features and columns and the omnivorous chains, would have formed the brilliant nucleus of a powerful Catholic Press. They will never be won back again, and after a few years of such affiliations, it is doubtful if the Catholic Press would want them back.

●

Why should I, as an ordinary Catholic, have to worry myself about the spread of the Catholic Press?

Because you know, or should know, that only the truth can protect freedom, preserve peace (after it is won), defend democracy, save the home and the rights of the family, and, in general, bring happiness and security to individuals. If you are a Catholic, ordinary or extraordinary, you know or should know that your faith possesses the truth that is so inseparably bound up with these ends. The Catholic Press presents that truth, in a thousand different ways. The only contact thousands of people will ever make with it is through the Catholic Press.

Because your interest in and private

personal promotion of certain organs of the Catholic Press that have a genuine appeal will react on their editors and publishers, to the effect that they will be inspired to make their publications better and better, until eventually they may approximate the popularity and power of some of the secular publications.

Because there are actually millions of Catholics who as yet have no contact with any Catholic paper or magazine. This is one of the largely contributing factors to the leakage from the Church that is so often bewailed. If you have any Catholic zeal you should want to plug some of that leakage by introducing worthwhile Catholic reading to those who are without it.

Because there is still so much prejudice and bigotry against Catholics in the United States that is based almost entirely on ignorance. An uninformed Catholic, one who never reads anything Catholic, cannot answer the prejudiced and ignorant attacks made against him and his religion by the bigoted. The spread of Catholic reading matter gradually dissipates the ignorance and thereby removes the prejudice.

Because good reading is one of the highest forms of self-entertainment and joy. You give joy to your friends by suggesting, offering, or making possible to them that kind of reading.

Two Hearts in Tune

The N.C.C.S. Bulletin relates the following conversation as overheard at the information desk of the USO club operated by the N.C.C.S. Women's Division at Bremerton, Washington:

"Is there a 7:30 Mass in Bremerton?"

"No. There's one at 6:30 and one at 8:00 o'clock, though."

"None at 7:30?"

"No," replied the volunteer at the desk.

"That won't do," explained GI Joe. "You see, my girl friend and I are going to Mass and Communion together. 10:30 in Boston means 7:30 here. Guess I'll have to go to Seattle to Mass."

On Excusing One's Sins

L. M. MERRILL

A mark of great weakness of character is the habit some people have of publicly admitting and excusing some fault or sin to which they are prone. In some this amounts almost to boasting about their moral weakness; in others it is a half-conscious method of forestalling criticism and blame; in all, it is a bad sign because it manifests an affection for evil which intensifies guilt. A few of the bad habits that are commonly defended by those who indulge them are the following:

1. *Excessive drinking* is a sin that is frequently exonerated by the one who is guilty of it. This self-exoneration is often enshrined in the midst of self-praise for other things. "I am good to my family; I love my wife; I never steal; I wouldn't hurt a fly—but I drink too much at times. That's my only fault." And a big one, we might add, which will soon lead to many others. Some men and women defend their excessive drinking on the score of nerves, or of pressure of business problems, or of social or business contacts. Some even brag about how much they drink in a day or a week, as if it were an accomplishment. All these are weaklings of an exceptionally low degree because they so willingly cling to the weakness they recognize.

2. *Profanity in speech* is a second example of sins frequently excused. How many people say: "I swear and curse a lot, but I just can't help it." How many, taking a false cue from the fact that others sometimes speak admiringly of persons who use incessant profanity, come to speak almost proudly of their vicious habit. How many obviously think it funny to inject the holy name and shocking curses into their commonplace speech. These persons are rightly shunned by decent people as unfit companions, and they will find that every single irreverence in speech has been marked up against them by God.

3. *Outbursts of anger* are likewise often defended, spoken of proudly, or at least excused in an offhand manner. "I have a temper," says the weakling, "and woe betide anybody who crosses it." Or "if people make me angry, I won't be responsible for what I say or do"—which means that they will be twice as responsible because they know beforehand where and how temptation will strike. Perhaps for no other sin do so many people make excuse: "I get angry often but I just can't help it." If that were true, the logical thing to do would be "to put such people away" as having lost control of their minds and wills. What it really means is that they love their fault so much that they refuse to make the effort required to rid themselves of it.

If you want a strong and admirable character, never compromise with any fault. Admit it humbly, and with every admission make a renewed determination to overcome it. The faults that deface characters are those that are loved and defended.

ADVENTURE BY PARACHUTE

Here is one of those fascinating stories, which, even in a war that produces many strange adventures, will grip any reader who starts it. It is the story of a chaplain's first parachute jump, which lands him in the jungles of the lower Himalayan mountains. We print the story in two parts; it will be concluded in the March issue.

H. F. WADE

I SHOULD start this experience in my eventful career here at Station No. 4, India China Division, Air Transport Command, now known as 1330th Army Air Forces, Base Unit, Eastern Assam, India. One of the chief jobs of this unit was to fly military supplies over the "Hump," which means the peak of the Himalayas, into China.

Many is the time I sat in serious conference with fliers discussing the hazards met with over the "Hump." "Father," I've heard time and time again, "I get more nervous and tense each time I have to fly it. I can't go on indefinitely." And how many times have I answered in effect: "But someone has to fly it! We are fighting a war! We are the only life line that China and General Chennault's fighting forces have! We are not a combat outfit, that's true; we are not fighters, we do not have the thrill, the excitement, the tangible results of our missions to spur us on! But we do fly over combat territory! And besides the terrific altitude at which we fly on oxygen to clear the highest pile of rocks in the world; besides the unpredictable and worst flying weather that we are expected to overcome—weather that may force you to climb above 30,000 feet, weather that may close in around you suddenly and force you through thunderheads that will lift or drop you 2000 feet in less time than it takes to think about it; weather that can give your ship speed in excess of two hundred and fifty miles an hour with all your throttles retarded, weather that will toss hail, the size of softballs, and

tear your ship into shreds—you must also dodge, twist between and under clouds to avoid enemy ships with guns, with your own ship stripped of any guns to make room for more material! It's a job we have been appointed to do! Millions depend on us! It's enough to make any man tense and nervous. The trouble with you, lad, is that you would like to see some results of the perilous risks you are taking. You would like to get your hand on a bomb release, or a firing button on a P-47 or 51. This chance isn't offered you! Washington thinks that you are more important here. In reality, you have your hand on many a bomb release and many a firing button, without the actual contact and thrill. Recently our B-29's bombed Tokyo, and the Allied world rocked with cheers. Where and how did they get those bombs, that ammunition, the gas to make that raid? Don't you think you had more than just an indifferent share in it?"

Somehow, I felt it—my words lacked something. The first opportunity I had, I sauntered into operations. Captain Bill Barbre was there. "Wild Bill" we used to call him. Rough exterior, but a boy with a heart of gold. Bill wasn't too easy to get to know, but those who did liked him tremendously. "Bill," I said, after settling myself at his desk, "what makes so many of the pilots fear the 'Hump'?"

"It's hard, Father, to put your finger on one thing. I'd say, in general, it's the high altitude, the heavy load, your life depending on the 'windmilling' of

four temperamental fans, no place to let down, and the whole dad-blasted trickery of that pile of rocks! The only and surest way you'll ever find out, though, is — fly it!" That did it!

SHORTLY after, I saw the commanding officer, Major J. K. Davis, who was appointed Captain Robert Greenlee's successor. I explained to him that the men would certainly appreciate my advice more readily if they knew I had actually experienced what they had to put up with. He thought so too! My opportunity came Sunday afternoon, February 6, 1944. Will I ever forget the close of that beautiful day, which might not have looked so beautiful had I only known! It's a good thing that God keeps our future heavily veiled! Lt. Robert Seimoneit, living in the same area as I, was scheduled to go over, so I asked to accompany him.

"Sure, Father! Be tickled to death to have you along. I'll get hold of some equipment for you!"

At the plane I met Lt. John Dietzel, Sgt. Pete Carlin, whom I knew previously, and Pvt. Perry Raybuck.

At 1800 war time, or 6 p.m. civilian time, India Standard, we took off, fully loaded with 100 octane gas. It was not quite dusk as yet, and I was able to enjoy some of the high scenery before dark. It was really grand! As we climbed, the earth kept rising below us, gradually growing more and more uneven, until it seemed to become impatient with our speed and leapt up at us in bulk, and then, as with exhaustion, suddenly dropped back again to its level. Soon it became a panting, raging monster with more frequent, with bulkier and with higher gigantic heaves! The efforts seemed to tell on it! Here and there you could see slight streaks of gray in its bushy green hair, which

thinned considerably as we climbed in altitude until finally, its bald, gnarled, rugged, jagged skull glared iridescently in the last rays of the glowing, disappearing sun, which now dropped like a spent ball of fire into an abyss on the far horizon of the earth. Our nose high, our motors pulling us powerfully and steadily upwards, we peered through the pilot's windshield in front; the monster seemed to gain the lead on us! It stood as if waiting for our next move, in an inspiring camouflage — its lopsided head covered with an exquisite mantle of white. It stood there — high, huge, powerful, majestic and still — as if challenging us with our noisy, modern, man-made mechanism to surpass it! We did, as dusk impaired our vision. Its further reactions were hidden. From there on we flew in darkness!

At approximately 2100, 9 p.m., we came out of the darkness and flew over our lighted destination in China, the lights of the town and the airfield stabbing through the night as so many tiny flashlights. We contacted the tower, circled the field, and followed instructions down onto the runway. Bob Seimoneit, piloting, made a class A landing on the gravel strip, loose pebbles flying in every direction. Landing a big job like a C-87 on loose gravel, at the minimum speed of 100 miles an hour, is quite a feat for any man. He handled it as one, too. We taxied to the designated revetment, and a crew awaited to relieve us of our precious cargo. An operations officer informed us that the field was on the alert, and expected, any time, a bombing raid. The Japs had moved their bombers up to within an uncomfortable distance of this field. Through a wonderful network of information, they knew the Japs were ready and raring to spread destruction. Pearl Harbor was not going to be re-

peated. We were able to down a cup of coffee while the ground crew unloaded the ship. They lost no time. We were back, Bob had the motors revved up, and we were roaring down the runway for India by 2200, 10 p.m. We circled for altitude, and nosed the big ship westward. When the lights below us faded, we were enveloped in darkness and only the fluorescent instruments on the panel board dimly profiled the boyish, manly faces of the crew. They busily occupied themselves in checking and rechecking that all was well. The radio compass attracted most of their attention. It did not function as it should have. Had the field not been on the alert, and had the staff not been over-anxious to have us safely on our way back to India, Bob, I believe, might have turned back for a recheck of the compass.

THE trip to China took us a little better than three hours. As there was nothing to see on the return, I made myself as comfortable as I could, adjusted my oxygen mask, and relaxed. The steady purring of the motors soon lulled me into a semiconscious snooze.

About 0100, 1 a.m., I noticed Bob and Lt. Dietzel talking to each other, checking the instruments, and looking out of the side windows. I had to clear my little window by the navigator's table of frost to see out. Though beautiful from a scenic standpoint, the vision wasn't at all inspiring. According to our E.T.A., we should have been past the last high ridge, and about ready to make our down procedure into the valley. But our E.T.A. and what a misty moon revealed below us through broken clouds did not agree at all. We were flying at about 22,000 feet, and the snow-covered peaks, not too far below, stood there like so many silent, ma-

jestic sentinels, anxious to want to prick us on our way out of a danger zone. Raybuck, our operator, instructed by Bob, was calling for a bearing. Pete, our crew chief, kept constant check on all instruments. Lt. Dietzel was consulting maps, scribbling on a pad, and consulting with Bob. I sat back without a particular thought in my head, and sleepily watched the proceedings, occasionally taking a peek at those peaks below. An hour of this and the activity on our flight deck didn't even offer the faintest promise of a let-up.

Peter stood next to my chair. I plucked his jacket, and raised my eyes in inquiry.

"I believe we are plenty lost, Father." I thought Pete said that. I mentally turned the words over. Yes, that is exactly what he said. The word "lost" kept flashing on the screen of my mind, as if trying to make an impression. I plucked Sgt. Carlin's jacket again: "How much flying time have we, Pete?" as I looked at my watch.

"About an hour, Father."

That sounded a little better. I sat back as an observer. Bob was holding a steady course of southwest at this time to get into lower country. I leaned out of my seat to watch his face. He didn't look overworried. In fact, I thought his expression was a little reassuring.

The high snow-clad fingers piercing the clouds below, slowly began to relax, finally to disappear. Through a break in the moonlit cover, a black void was all that was visible. A closer and more concentrated inspection revealed faint traces of a rolling mountainous jungle.

WHILE I sat fixing my eyes on this scene, desperately hoping to see a light — often many native fires

are seen — Pete touched my arm and signaled me, pointing to my unbuckled parachute. "Father, let's go into the back of the ship and get your chute on." I obeyed promptly. Raybuck was still trying for a bearing. Bob and Dee were still flying as if we were on our way home. The propellers were still turning over steady and strong. Pete flicked the light switch in the back of the ship. We carried our oxygen masks with us, and connected them to another outlet.

"Father," Pete said, "this is it!"

"There is no chance, Pete?"

Pete shook his head as he buckled my chest straps. The strap fitted snugly around my flying jacket. "Even if we do get a bearing and learn where we are, Father, we haven't enough gas to make it. You had better give me absolution, Father, and your blessing. Golly, I'm glad I received Holy Communion at Mass this morning." Pete was the only Catholic of the crew. After I buckled his chute, he knelt down. I thought Pete looked a little worried. I pronounced the words slowly and fervently. "Misereatur . . . Indulgentiam . . . Dominus noster Jesus Christus . . . Ego te absolvo . . . Passio Domini nostri . . . Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis. . . ." As Pete arose, he grabbed my hand and almost broke it.

"Pete, who is going to give me absolution?"

This big, powerful, good-natured Irishman just smiled at me — and warned me to hold on while he pulled the emergency lever and released the door. These doors sometimes give trouble, but this one dropped and disappeared at the first tug of Pete's powerful hand. Oh, what a feeling that was, as that cold, misty, moonlit night air rushed into the ship. Never in all my flying experience had a plane seemed so comfortable as this one. To have to

leave it through that door 22,000 feet above God only knew what — didn't seem rational! Pete had gone up front, and returned.

"Father, when we have to go, I'm coming out right on your heels. Let's try to stick together; we'll make it somehow!"

"Pete, where are we?"

"We haven't the slightest idea, Father."

That wasn't good news at all. Only a few more minutes to go; and we didn't know whether it was Tibet, Burma, India, or China; whether it was Allied or enemy territory; whether it meant friendly natives or hostile head-hunters — or no one at all!

Private Perry Raybuck, the radio operator, came back, gathering up his parachute in his arms. He must have pulled the rip cord trying to get the strap over his shoulder. Ray looked terribly pale. It was not from fright, however. It was from lack of oxygen. For the past two hours or so, he was trying to contact every and any station for a bearing. You can't do this very well with a mask on. So, with the exception of a few whiffs of his oxygen between calls, he had very little in the past two hours. As he neared me, Ray collapsed on the floor. I had to pull my mask from my face to reach him, and drew him closer, so that we could both share my mask. He breathed deeply when I clamped the mask over his nose and mouth. Shortly, he was on his feet, holding the shroud lines around the outside of his right thigh, the silk in his arm. The co-pilot, Lt. Dietzel, jumped from the flight deck to join us. The four of us stood waiting, each of us occupied with his own thought.

I SAID the Act of Contrition over and over, talked to God and to our

Blessed Mother frankly. I looked at the opening, and it didn't seem real that I was going to have to go through it. I thought of the folks back home, and how the news of my "missing in flight" would affect them. I thought of my kid brother who was lost at sea in 1930, wondering if he had had as much time to think things over as I was having. I thought of a lot of things. It's remarkable how many things can go through your mind in such a situation. Then I thought: When? Bob was still at the controls. I knew that I was first, and must get out before the ship even began to go into a spin. No one would get out then! The experience of two boys who waited just too long a week previous to this flashed vividly before me. I looked at the others — Pete, Dee, and Ray; their bowed heads left little doubt as to what they were doing. I glanced up at the flight deck. How long was Bob going to stay there? Then it happened! The ship shook terrifically! At once all the engines coughed and sputtered from lack of gas! I sensed everyone looking at me as I started for the door yelling — "Let's go!"

Oh, what a feeling! I went down and back, in a crouched position, at a terrific speed! Something large and black passed over me. I knew it was the tail of the ship. I yanked the rip cord with all the power in my arm. And, whoomph! I received a jolt such as I had never felt in all my life! Honestly, I thought that the ship had somehow veered around and struck me! The white canopy above looked beautiful! Another bloomed open just above me! It passed rapidly overhead — and down! I tried following it by pulling my shroud lines, but with no success. I guessed the parachutist was Pete. He weighed over two hundred pounds. I soon lost sight of him. The others I never saw.

In the quiet, cool, and frosty moonlight, above two layers of clouds, I swung down. I wondered if the others had gotten out. Did Bob get away from the controls in time? The first layer of clouds engulfed me. After what seemed an indefinitely long time, I emerged into the clear, still swinging helplessly to and fro, with another layer of broken clouds below. Through these I could see the dark, evil-looking jungles rolling high and uneven. "What a heck of a spot to be in," I said aloud, and scared myself with my own voice. To my right I sighted the wing lights of the big C-87 spiraling far below. I passed through the broken clouds, and watched the plane burn furiously where it crashed into the mountains. I thought again of Bob and wondered if he had gotten out! I prayed God fervently that he had! The mountains grew larger and more distinctly outlined. The jungles appeared impenetrable. Which way would I travel, if I landed uninjured? Where or how could I meet up with the others? Pete's was the only parachute of whose course I had a general idea. And from my perch, he seemed to have landed on two mountains away from the one on which, it appeared, I would land. The mountains grew larger. I made a perfect Act of Contrition and repeated ejaculatory prayers over and over. The trees grew taller and taller. I remembered Pete's landing advice as he buckled on my chute: "Father, cover your face with your hands and cross your legs." I did, as the whole jungle, impatient with my slowness, rushed up and I went crashing through. The breaking branches, twigs, and bamboo made an awful racket. As I touched the side of the mountain, I was sprung upwards. The parachute had canopied over the tree-tops, and the recoil of the trees lifted

THE LIGUORIAN

me before I could strike the ground with any force. My weight brought me back down. A more gentle landing I could hardly have hoped for.

It was dark, very dark. Before unbuckling my parachute straps, I reached for my flashlight tightly tucked in a pocket of my flying suit, and flicked the switch. The scene defied description! The angle of the mountain was about sixty degrees. The earth was very damp, with black, loose soil. The vegetation grew in every direction. Dead fallen trees, branches, bamboo, bushes, thick, twisted vines, ferns, everything that could and had grown in a jungle, surrounded me. Above, the sky was completely hidden by the thick foliage. The vision was anything but encouraging. I had landed safely and uninjured, however, and did feel awfully thankful, but very much puzzled. "What in the world," I thought, "did God have in store for me?" The answer was too difficult to attack. I resigned myself completely to God's Will. Come what may, the worst would be too good for me!

I SWUNG over to a tree to brace myself, and unfastened the parachute straps. I cut the jungle kit free. I had often stated that I would like to have

(The second part of this adventure will appear next month)

Facts About Jews

There are more Jews living in Brooklyn today than lived in Palestine at the time our Lord was born in Bethlehem.

There are more Jews living in the United States than existed in the world at the beginning of the Christian era.

The Jewish population in the Kingdom of Castile decreased from 850,000 to 150,000, due to conversion to Christianity, between the years 1290-1474, that is, during the 202 years preceding the deportation of Jews from Spain.

* The Jews reached their lowest number during the period of the Thirty Years' War. *

At the beginning of the present World War, there were only 40,000 descendants of the millions of Jews who had lived in Italy, the land where persecution of the Jews was unknown. This is attributed largely to conversions to the Catholic Church.—*A.P.I. Bulletin*.

RICH LAND, POOR LAND

Personal experiences of one who has to travel hard and far to baptize, shrive, confirm, etc. This is pioneering at its best.

B. VAN HOOMISSEN

AS I sit here in the quiet of my room in this tropical land of Brazil, it is raining outside. My hands are full of blisters from cutting down Goiba trees to make a volley-ball court for the kids and a place for ping pong (called pingee-pongee). Anyway, it's a quiet afternoon. I have a convert, a boy about 18, who will no doubt interrupt this yarn . . . but here goes. It's the story of a young missionary's first month on the river, trying to reach the spiritually impoverished people of this land. All I ask of those who read it is that they get down on their knees every once in a while and start firing the six-inch guns for help from heaven. We need it.

The story before any missionary venture on the Amazon river should begin the day before, which in this case happened to be September 28, 1944. Padre Jose Maria, with whom I was to work, came in from Coari by plane because this is the only sure way to make connections—as I was soon to learn. Together we went across the Igarape (a feeder stream of the Rio Negro) and saw old Vincente, a veteran river pilot who has a record of river trips larger than any great missionary.

We found him swabbing the deck of the little tug called the "Boa Nova." He listened to our explanation regarding the size of the baggage with a knowing smile and a bow of the head which I did not understand until the next day. From there we went to the American Vice-Consul to try to get movie equipment: films, projector, amplifiers, and a generator. The Consul made an effort to demonstrate the machine. His office

was filled with wires, junk, and confusion. The generator was blasting fumes out the front door, and the Consul himself was all grease and perspiration.

The local mechanic came to our aid, burnt out the projection lamp, and soon had everything all tangled up. The Consul finally pleaded with us to call one of our own missionaries who is known as Padre Brain. In short order Padre Brain dispelled the chaos, and the Consul's mechanic got some lessons and recommendations for future handling of the equipment.

WE WERE almost ready to start, except we had no truck to carry our luggage to the boat. Noemy, our *zeladora* and one of the original Amazonian warriors, located a truck. Incidentally, there is nothing in Amazonas she can't command. Our baggage had grown, so the whole neighborhood helped in packing: flash-lights (God bless the inventor), a few cigarettes (God bless him, too), bottles of vitamins, Diodichin to guard against malaria, catechisms, etc. . . . until there were eleven boxes of baggage. At five minutes to twelve p.m. I finished my Breviary and collapsed into my army cot, wondering whether I had enough stamina for the kind of thing that has broken a lot of men that tried it. In fact, I wondered whether I would consider getting up in the morning.

By the grace of God I got up at five. So severely had we impressed upon the trucker that we wanted him at 5:30, that he was honking away at 5:00. This is the land of more or less. Five o'clock can be four-thirty or a quarter to six.

It makes no difference down here. Any-way, we filled half the truck with our luggage. A swallow of coffee, a hunt for my jungle hat, and it was time for a goodbye to the gang. Some Fihlas de Mariae (Daughters of Mary) were waiting to say goodbye and wish us a good voyage.

On this first trip I felt like Living-stone or Stilwell, but it was old stuff to Padre Jose Maria. Somehow Vincente found a place for all our equipment — with the help of a dozen kibitzers who lined the bank but didn't lift a single article. The blow torch was applied to the ancient Seffle diesel motor in the prow, and then began the incessant chugging that was to become a part of the life in the weeks ahead.

Slowly we oozed down the Manaos harbor, past the fish peddlers, past dirty steamers, and clumsy looking stern wheelers. We stopped to buy some bread from a boy in a canoe, and then turned down the Rio Negro along a palm-flanked shoreline.

The Rio Negro is black but beautiful in the early morning, smooth and cool. Natives paddle by sitting right up in the prow of their small canoes wielding short paddles with blades the size of a large dish-pan. They wear the Amazon straw hat and a changeless expression as they paddle on to the great city of Manaos. Some are fishing along the red-mud banks and the women are at the washing.

WE HAD been traveling due west on the Rio Negro and shortly before noon turned into a narrow channel which runs south into the Solimoes, forming a neat short cut. This little channel was interesting, for it provided the first signs of wild-life. There were brightly-colored birds, long vines hanging from the tall trees, and

an abundance of jungle under-growth. Occasionally we saw grass shacks, and I couldn't help thinking how isolated these people are. The jungle closes around them and there is little work they can do. The river is their life, their only communication . . . their jungle highway. The river is also their master. It brings them fever, floods their attempts at farming, and its storms wreck their boats.

Soon the waters of the channel turn from the black of the Negro to the chocolate brown of the Amazon. It looks as if we have reached the ocean, but it is only the Solimoes (the Amazon). We turn due west into the swirling current, and face the power of the Amazon, its hazards and its natural beauty. Navigation tactics are unique. The shortest distance between two points on the Amazon is not a straight line. It is rather a matter of taking in all the bends and bays, with many a sharp swerve thrown in. The idea is to keep out of the main brunt of the current and avoid the sand bars which the Amazon can build up in mid-stream over night.

Floating logs and contrary currents cause trouble. I have had the wheel when we went aground, and have steered a small boat through a whirlpool which is an easy way to keep from growing old. The right way is to cut the diameter of the whirlpool, not an easy thing to do. One time I was towing a small row boat behind our own, and the power launch got caught in one current, and the small boat in another! More fun!

Where there is not jungle there is water. The jungle lacks individuality, and there is so much of it. A million different kinds of plants and trees make it impossible for any one masterpiece to stand out. The only outstanding individuals of the jungle are the tall

trees, most of them with smooth white bark. Straight and clean, they rise high above everything else before they spread out their branches. Parasites of the orchid family and twisting vines add their bit to the confusion of plant life. The jungle begins right at the water's edge and stands defiantly like a brick wall. Millions of square miles of Nature's best . . . a garden planted by God with a prodigality of detail, color, and a million other forms of life that only God can see. Only He can name them. We passed wild sugar cane, orange and banana groves. One grove of wild bananas along the river was at least five miles long. It was at this place that a flock of wild parrots began to follow us.

A CURIOUS sight on the Amazon is that of floating islands. They are large pieces of the mainland that wash away in the flood season. They are held together by the entwining roots of trees, and float down to the ocean like green icebergs. These islands are put to good use by the merchants who run their boats up to them at night, and then curl up and sleep while the island carries them safely and steadily to their destination. We saw islands like these with fairly large trees still standing upright and growing normally. Another novelty for me was the huge fish that surfaced and dove around us playfully. Imagine a cow cavorting mirthfully in a lagoon and you have an idea how these fish look.

About six o'clock we sighted the large island that is opposite Manacapuru, and we stood out on the tiny poop deck to watch the Amazon sunset. Padre Jose Gordo was waiting for us on shore, because he too was to work at the festa further down the river. We carried the movie equipment ashore, and after

supper put on the first performance. The sound was poor, and we placed the generator exhaust too close to the people. We almost smoked them out. We ran out of gas, and to make things worse, the little insects, called the *mucuim*, almost ate my legs off. Just the same, everyone enjoyed the entertainment, and it was the first movie for these people along this section of the Amazon.

Later in the evening the four of us adjourned to the dining room in the basement and by the light of kerosene lamps talked and talked as men will do in this land where meetings are few and far between. After midnight we tumbled into our cots, blew out the lamps and talked on in the dark until dawn. We rolled out before sun-up feeling dirty, tired, and not too healthy. Padre Jayme prepared for Mass as he was to hold the Manacapuru fort during our mission tour. He looked a little tired out. The sod-busting makes one very tired.

ON THE fourth of October, after Mass I began my baptisms. I baptized 127 persons in groups of about eight . . . between times I confirmed about twenty-five or thirty people. I taught catechism twice a day and tried to get some of the boys ready for First Communion. I prepared fifty fellows, each about twenty years old, and heard their first confessions. We estimated over a hundred First Communions. More of this kind of work will be possible now that we are working in force. You know, the old Redemptorist machinery, started by St. Alphonsus, that never slows down.

Padre Jose Maria did a noble job of getting names and marshaling the crying babies and their *padrinhos*. One night the three of us, Padre Jose Maria,

Jose Gordo (the fat) and I were hearing confessions at the same time. I was in front of the tabernacle, and the other two were a few feet away on either side of the altar. No one seemed to mind, least of all the people who crowded in on one another.

One day the crowd was so large, we had to move out of the church. We set up an altar on the front steps and had a high Mass. A lady stood alongside of me singing to her baby, and I fear the tone of the Preface was a mixture of a jungle lullaby and "White Christmas." The girls sang the Agnus Dei (Aggy Noos Dei) very well.

Our sermons every night were nothing but mission talks: Salvation, Mortal Sin, etc. . . . One night the light was so poor I could not follow my notes, so I preached on the Blessed Virgin, and launched out into the deep with my shaky Portuguese. I had preached on Nossa Senhora six or seven times before,

so it was quite a hash. On the afternoon of the feast, 5000 people walked in the procession. Padre Jose Maria preached and called for *palmas* and *vivas* for all the saints in the Litany. It was a grand closing.

THREE is a lot more to tell, about my pet monkey (who died), about the leper we visited, and the 93-year-old Mason who renounced his errors and came back to God, about the left-handed banjo player I saw. But that can wait. Right now, I want to ask you for your prayers. Real, honest-to-God prayers for the people of this rich land and poor land . . . and for our missionaries, too. We need them. This life is all slow, up-hill work, with a thousand inconveniences, but we love it. We are sure your prayers will bring the graces we need to stand up under the gaff and make a go of it for Christ who made a go of it for us.

Division of Sects

There are in the United States alone, approximately 256 religious bodies generally described as Protestant. They maintain widely divergent doctrines concerning Christ, heaven, hell, baptism, etc. Here are the largest of the 256 sects and the approximate number of members in each, as listed by *The Shield*:

Baptists	8,300,000
Methodists	7,000,000
Lutherans	4,245,000
Presbyterians	2,500,000
Protestant Episcopal	1,700,000
Disciples of Christ.....	1,200,000
Congregational and Christian Churches.....	976,000
Evangelical and Reformed Church.....	924,000
Latter-Day Saints (Mormons).....	774,000
United Brethren	393,000
Reformed Bodies	300,000
Church of Christ Scientist.....	270,000
Evangelical Church	212,000
Adventists	166,000
Mennonites	114,000
Friends	94,000
Unitarians	59,000
Universalists	46,000



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. MILLER

Problem: My wife is constantly complaining about the burden that has fallen upon her due to the impossibility of getting even a part time maid or servant to help her with her work. She cannot keep up with the work that has to be done and spends most of the time complaining about being tired and worn out. We always did have help in the house, and our two children, twelve and fifteen, have never learned to lend a hand. I think I know what you are going to say about this situation, but I'd like to have the advice anyway.

Solution: There are some strong things to be said to those (and there are many besides yourselves) who are complaining these days about the lack of available servants, maids, cooks, etc., for their work in the home. It is not without sympathy that we say them, because it cannot be doubted that having servants to do much of one's work for many years does habituate one to a mode of living that cannot easily be changed. However the fact of war should be capable of preventing a complaining, embittered attitude toward the problem, and of suggesting both motives and means of making the best of the situation.

Those who have to do without servants of any kind now, after having been long accustomed to their help, are usually unwilling to face the wartime fact that they must make some readjustment of their living habits to get along. Those who live in homes so large that they cannot be kept up without a number of servants, and who cannot move into smaller quarters, must face the necessity of closing up parts of their homes. In other cases, the necessary work can be done, but only if the housewife readjusts her schedule of living. In your case, as with so many others, your wife probably hates to give up any of her social contacts and activities, which consume a great part of the days and nights. Just as "business as usual" is a reprehensible slogan these days, so "social life as usual" should be also. The trouble is that much of the social life these days consists in mutual complaints about the servant situation. When one thinks of the thousands of mothers who have raised large families without any help, and the millions of Americans who have given up every semblance of home for battlefronts, it is not easy to be sympathetic toward the grumblers and complainers.

You say you have two children, of fairly stalwart age, and that "they have never learned to be helpful in the home." That is about the greatest tragedy possible in a home. If they have never learned to be helpful at home, they are on their way to becoming selfish, pampered drones. Inspire them to be helpful now; give them an example yourself by pitching in. If the war did nothing but occasion the necessity for some work in the home on the part of the teen-agers, it would not be all evil.

Just a footnote to the above. Perhaps there's a bit of God-sent penance for sin in the present circumstances. You say you have two children, twelve and fifteen. Is it possible that there was any sinful limiting of the number of your children? Perhaps not. I would be foolish to judge you. But if there was, inspire your wife to make use of her hardships with you in a spirit of humble penance.

THE "CHAIN PRAYER" CURSE

Don't be taken in! Read the rules by which you should judge any prayer that is offered you under threat or promise of any kind.

C. D. McENNIRY

WHILE the discussion about believing in signs was going on in front of Huggins church, a newcomer slouched up to the edge of the circle and stood there nervously rubbing his hands and listening to the conversation. Though keenly aware of his presence, the speakers pretended not to notice him, or, if they caught his eye, they saluted him with a casual nod or an apparently indifferent "Hi-ye, Si." Such is the touching sympathy and tact of these rough pioneers when dealing with a neighbor in distress. In this worried man with the hunted look one would scarcely recognize the big, muscular, hard-drinking, loud-spoken, strong-swearng Si Colquitt of other days. Misfortune and bereavement had left their too evident traces upon him. If he seemed even more than usually disturbed today, the neighbors supposed he was nervous and ashamed because his daughter Isabella had developed something like insanity.

When there was a momentary lull in the conversation he drew a soiled and crinkled envelope from his inside pocket. "Father Casey, read that." And he thrust it into the priest's hands.

The pastor drew a letter out of the envelope and read: "Prayer for Good Luck." There followed a complicated and bombastic prayer which somehow left a bad taste in the mouth. Then this explanation: "This miraculous prayer was revealed by the Blessed Virgin to a saintly hermit. It is her wish that it be spread throughout the whole world as speedily as possible.

Without delay make nine copies of this prayer and this letter and send them to nine different persons. Whoever does so will promptly receive an extraordinary favor. (One person won \$50,000 on the sweepstakes.) Whoever refuses to obey this command of the Blessed Virgin or dares to deface or destroy this letter, will bring down the direst misfortunes on himself and his family."

ON SEEING what had been written to poor broken, harried Si Colquitt, the priest almost swore himself. "Of all the mean, despicable, cowardly tricks, the meanest is to send a letter like this to a worried man." And he tore the lying sheet into a hundred pieces.

Colquitt made an involuntary gesture as though to save it from destruction. "I've had hard luck enough," he mumbled. "I do not want to bring any more on myself."

"Never fear, Mr. Colquitt, you will bring no hard luck on yourself by despising such stupidity. You bring hard luck on yourself by paying attention to it — on yourself and on others. For you had really intended to send copies of this thing to nine others, had you not?"

"Well — it says there that you have to."

"And the letter caused you to worry, did it not?"

"I couldn't sleep a wink since I got it."

"That is hard luck right there — to be driven to such a state of distrac-

tion. And, in selfish and superstitious fear for your own hide, you plan to reduce nine of your neighbors to the same state as yourself. It is not by such uncharitableness that you ward off disaster from yourself."

"I reckon if the balance of these men got this letter, they'd do the same as I did."

"I know one that did get a letter like that, and that straightaway wrote nine copies and sent them off — and that one was myself. I felt the doggone thing was fishy from the start, but the wife was lookin' for an increase in the family and had been worrin' a lot for fear she wouldn't live through the ordeal. She says to me, she says, we jest can't take chances on havin' bad luck at this stage of the game. So we got to work and made nine copies of the dang thing and sent them off to worry nine of our friends." This open confession came from Sylvester Breton.

"You did very wrong. God might have even punished you for your superstitious gullibility."

"You know what I heard," Tom Saunders interrupted, "when _____ was Prime Minister of England and, in a way, swayed the whole British Empire, he got one of them there chain letters. And what did he do? He sat right down like a good little schoolboy and wrote nine more. He was a-scared not to."

"I am not surprised at him," Father Casey replied, "despite all his wisdom and experience; for the more a man ignores the solid doctrines taught by the true Church, the more easily will he fall for the superstitious teachings of some crook or half-wit. Some, in their ignorance, say the Catholic Church encourages superstition. The direct opposite is true: the Catholic Church teaches genuine religious doctrines and practices, and she condemns supersti-

tion. Outside the Catholic Church there are all kinds of teachers of superstitious doctrines and practices masquerading under the name of religion. Johnson believed in ghosts, Rousseau believed the number thirteen would bring bad luck, Bayle believed any undertaking begun on Friday would go awry, Volney believed in dreams, Voltaire believed in signs. I am not surprised at them. They did not have the true Church to guide them. But you, Mr. Breton, you have the Church to guide you, and therefore I am surprised at you. If your common sense did not tell you that that letter was a bait to catch morons, your Catholic training should have moved you to consult the priest — as Colquitt has done."

"BUT this was a prayer. You would think a prayer at least would be all right."

"There are prayers and prayers. A prayer that pleases God is all right. A prayer that tickles the devil is all wrong. And that is precisely what this prayer does. It distorts religion. It disturbs people in their religious practices. And the devil laughs. That is exactly what he wants."

"It is all so confusing — one can never tell," commented the school-teacher. "Somebody gave me a prayer. I showed it to our priest, thinking he would praise me for my piety. And what do you think? He took it and tore it up. And that prayer was found in our Lord's sepulcher and was preserved by the pope and emperor in a silver casket."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Father Casey. "No such prayer was ever found in the sepulcher. That is why the priest destroyed it. He did not want to see you made a dupe."

"I had a prayer," Ruth Saunders

added, "but I lost it. The prayer of Pope Leo the Third, brought by an angel to Emperor Charles. And it promised that whoever would carry it about and spread it, would be certain not to die by lightning nor storm nor thirst nor water nor fire nor poison, not to die a sudden death, and not to die of any physical evil nor of any moral evil."

"Wa-al I swear," drawled her father, "that feller would have a harder time tryin' to die than the cat with nine lives."

"More stuff and more nonsense!" the priest repeated. "God never made those promises to any Leo nor sent them to any Charles. Just a hook to catch suckers."

"Would you say the same for the promises of the nine first Fridays?"

"I would not. The promises of the nine first Fridays are genuine promises made by God."

"You say this prayer comes from God and that prayer comes from the devil. This promise will come true and that promise is a fraud! O Father Casey, how can we tell? What are we to do?" Ruth Saunders was desperate.

"Do what all other good Catholics are doing. Say the 'Our Father.' You know where that comes from. Say the 'Hail Mary,' the 'I Believe in God,' the Acts of Faith, Hope, Love and Contrition. There never were, and there never will be, better prayers than those. Do not be always looking for novelties and bargains in devotions and for superstitious short-cuts to heaven. Love God and your neighbor, and avoid sin. That is the road to heaven."

"And not bother about prayers and devotions. That is the way I am beginning to feel about it too," declared Brerton.

"Then you are beginning to feel wrong," the priest retorted. "You will not be able to love God and the neigh-

bor without divine assistance. You will not get divine assistance without prayers and devotions — but genuine prayers and solid devotions."

THEN why is there so much confusion about the whole thing that a feller doesn't know where he is at?"

"It is because a fellow does not go to the right place to clear up his confusion. The devil knows well the value of genuine prayer and solid devotion. And therefore he sows confusion in order to weaken your respect and esteem for prayer and devotion. He encourages this idle old damsel to flatter her vanity by concocting a grotesque prayer with a fantastic history. He excites this hysterical girl to imagine she has had a vision of a new devotion. He inspires this half-wit to launch a chain prayer that will disturb the peace of mind of a thousand persons. Then he stands on the bank and watches the suckers bite."

"It shows we got to keep a tight rein or we'll get throwed before we know it."

"It shows," the priest corrected, "that, in the important business of saving our souls, we need a reliable guide and that we must follow his directions. That is why Christ has given us such a guide in his Vicar on earth, the Pope, and that is why the devil has always tried to make us rebel against that Vicar."

"But even the Pope ain't always reliable — 'cordin' to what you said a while ago. The Pope kept that there fraudulent prayer in a silver casket, so he must a been bamboozled into thinkin' it was all O. K."

"No Pope ever preserved that letter in a silver casket."

"Ruth says he did."

"No, no. I just said the letter said he did."

"Who was the authority, and what

were the proofs for this statement?" Father Casey asked.

"There was no authority cited, and no proofs. The letter just said so."

"That alone," said the priest, "is reason enough to make you throw the thing into the stove. Any imbecile can make an outlandish statement. A sensible person pays no attention to it unless there is some reason for believing it true."

"There ought to be some way o' knowing' what the Pope approves and what he don't," growled Brerton.

"There is — a clear, efficient, practical way."

"What is it, Father Casey?"

"The '*Imprimatur*' of the bishop."

"The — the — what?"

"The '*Imprimatur*' of the bishop. The Catholic Church forbids the publication of any prayer or book of prayers, of any devotion or book of devotions, without the express and formal approval of the bishop. Not any bishop, mind, but the bishop who knows the time and the place and the circumstances, and therefore knows whether all will be understood according to the decisions of the Pope. It must be the bishop of the place where the author of the publication lives or of the place where it is printed or where it is published. The bishop is bound to have the prayers and devotions carefully examined by learned and prudent men who know

the decisions of the Pope on such matters. If these men assure the bishop that these prayers or devotions are sound, sensible, correct, in accordance with the decrees of the Church and the facts of history, the bishop may approve the publication. His approval must appear on one of the first or the last pages of the book.

"This approval is expressed by the Latin word *IMPRIMATUR*, which means LET IT BE PRINTED. This word is followed by the name of the bishop and the date of his approval. This is what we call the bishop's '*Imprimatur*'. And remember it is good only for that one edition. If there is another edition of the publication, or if it is translated into another language, the bishop must have it examined anew to make sure no error has crept in, and he must give a new '*Imprimatur*'.

"**A**ND so you see there is no excuse to be roped in by false or foolish devotions, prayers, miracles, apparitions, promises, chain letters and whatnots. Let him simply look at the book, the leaflet, or the pious picture and see whether it has the bishop's '*Imprimatur*'. If so, it is safe; if not, it is doubtful. And when that clear test is not sufficient to resolve your doubt, ask the priest about it," said Father Casey.

The Lure of Comics

To the question "Why do you read comic magazines?" 350 Chicago school children recently gave the following reasons:

121 read them for their humor.

90 were seeking adventure.

52 thought they were easy reading—the pictures carried the story along.

46 read them for pastime.

21 thought they solved crime.

Catholic Library World

Three Minute Instruction

Faults of Catholic Readers

Catholic Press Month calls for self-examination both on the part of Catholic editors and the potential Catholic reading public. Leaving editors to take care of themselves, an examination of a cross section of the Catholic public reveals the following three faults as contributing to the slow progress made by the Catholic Press as a whole:

1. *Following the line of least resistance* is the major fault, tritely named, on the part of many Catholics in their reading habits. There is the least amount of resistance in human nature against reading only the secular picture magazines, the daily newspapers, the spicy and unpredictably spotted pagan publications. If one reads at all, the least amount of effort is required for, and the tendencies of human nature even promote, this kind of reading. The proper name for this fault is *sloth*, which means unconcern about dangers and temptations, and unwillingness to make even a slight effort to improve mind, heart, character and will.
2. The second fault is that of *judging all Catholic publications by one or the other unappealing sample*. Temperamental and educational differences in people make it impossible for the same publication to appeal to all in the same degree. No one would be so foolish as to say that it is a duty of Catholics to reject all Catholic publications because one or two or even a dozen have been found flat and uninteresting. Yet this is frequently done, and no effort is made to find the ones that will please and inspire, and the "line of least resistance" is fallen back upon again.
3. The third fault is that of *lack of sufficient charity and zeal* to promote the Catholic publications that are doing an excellent job. Figures prove this. Only about eight million copies of Catholic publications of all types are circulated among over twenty million Catholics. Because thousands of Catholics take more than one publication, and many non-Catholics are readers of Catholic papers and magazines, it is probably true that only about four to five million Catholics are reached by the Catholic Press today. Many of these four to five million readers are enthusiastic in their reading but not zealous enough to encourage other Catholics and non-Catholics to read the same kind of material. There should be twenty million copies of Catholic publications circulated in the United States, instead of eight million!

This is no indictment of all Catholics. Many are doing ten times more than their share. It is written to prod the backward and slothful into action, for the sake of the souls that can be elevated, converted and saved through Catholic reading.

REFLECTIONS ON MUD

For a moment, the soldier—writer of this article—forgets the enemy, the shelling, the battle dangers. He wallows in thoughts about mud, which carry him far away.

E. F. MILLER

MUD is a substance found in large quantities all over the world—in Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul; in Missouri, Kansas and Texas; in Europe, Asia and the islands of the Pacific. It comes in nearly every color from a dismal white to a stygian black; and its structure matches almost every degree of density from a thin and watery film to a ponderously thick and sticky glue. To the extent of present knowledge it cannot be eaten, or better, it is not eaten, even by certain tribal Africans who do not scruple to consume such things as worms and ants, items definitely beyond the diet of most other humans.

Whether mud is a direct consequence of original sin, or merely a chemical compound or mixture extant as far back as the state of pure nature is a problem for the theologians and scientists to resolve. To soldiers, farmers and other people concerned with open fields it seems certain that sin must have something to do with it, if not *a priori*, then *a posteriori*, for tireless are the tongues in consigning it to the devil. The devil and sin, as is known, are closely allied.

The broader and less fantastic opinion holds, however, that mud is no more than a combination of dirt and water, a compound that can easily be analyzed in a test tube, and its component parts taught to small children just learning to spell. Mud in its origin as well as in its essence is no problem to the man and woman of common sense. Everybody knows what it is. Yet nobody knows just what to do with it.

As far as can be ascertained from a

close scrutiny of historical data on the subject, there always has been mud, once the Nebular Hypothesis settled down to be something solid. Surely the land did not remain dry and hard to the foot after the long rains that launched Noah in his Ark. Nor can we believe that the banks of the Rubicon, before which Julius Caesar cast his celebrated die, were like dust or chalk on that memorable occasion. The rains fell in the days of Xerxes as they fall today; and then as now they had but one landing place—the ground. To say that they did not churn up the ground into a chaotic mess of frustrated and crippled dirt is tantamount to saying that wars settle something, or that beer-drinking was practiced only among the Hittites in the reign of the well-known Pul II.

B E ALL that as it may, mud exists today, and it can be affirmed with some degree of smug finality that there are more people against it than there are in favor of it. Children love to play in it, and out of their fertile imagination give form to such ideas as huts and homes, towers and featureless faces, and other extravaganza that have no other value than to give mother a moment to herself. Mud serves mothers in these cases, and so they, even as their children, cannot be entirely opposed to it.

Young and seeking students in the laboratories of universities are inclined at times to dabble in mud to discover for themselves what are its properties. But this is mere pastime, and nothing comes out of it as a rule except dirty

equipment, smudged hands and a few hours spent in an occupation a little at least above watching B. Grable profane the art of acting, or listening to F. Sinatra desecrate the sacred tissues of the throat. These young folks, like the mothers and children mentioned above, are not unequivocally opposed to mud either.

Strange as it may seem, there are places in the world where mud is collected like some rare jewel and set aside in guarded yards for certain peoples who have been led to love mud so much that they are willing to pay for it. There are the clay people who gather the stuff for bricks. They love mud and they are not to be too roundly condemned for their love. It is a well-known fact that houses are formed from bricks; and since a house is the essential unit of the home, anything that promotes house-building should be applauded and supported. And it is not right to skin them for setting a price on bricks. Anybody who makes an honest effort to clear the earth of mud should receive a stipend and a large stipend, even though he does no more than cast that which he gathers into the depthless ocean.

Then there are the bath people — those who stoutly maintain that if you bathe yourself in a certain black and slimy mud, you will be quickly rid of such inconveniences as gout, lumbago and sluggish indifference to the demands of duty. Medical history contains cases of cures in this queer fashion, and for that reason if for no other the bath people are to be commended on their perspicacity in ferreting out the useful in that which is so common. So far most people have not found these curative qualities in the mud that fills their back yard: very probably their mud does not contain them. However, it is reasonable

to assert that something subtle is added to a substance if, instead of picking it up free in any spare lot, you take a far train ride and pay fifteen dollars a day merely to sit in it. No longer does that substance remain commonplace but worth at least fifteen dollars a day. A lot of curing can be done at that price.

THESE uses to which mud is put are few, that is to say, they touch only a fraction, only the tiniest iota of the mud that covers the earth on an autumn day. For the most part there seems no apparent purpose for the unnumbered acres of awful stuff except in a grand and ultimate sense. Soft though it is, it chisels the rough edges off impatient tempers, and makes saints out of those who, before they trudged its clinging depths, were sinners true. It gives a man a chance to use the vocabulary provided him by the dictionary instead of falling back on monosyllables that are the equipment of small minds and pimples that pass for heads. Mud can very easily be the lie detector of a man's character. If, on getting stuck in it, he rages and stamps and uses the name of God as a mat on which to wipe his senseless anger, then, even though he be a colonel or a general in politics, a football coach in big business or a truck driver peddling flowers for funerals, he is small potatoes, and the angels who fly about smile to one another as one might on seeing an ant cut prideful capers before a giant, and flit on to join the refreshing company of the simple private who is trying in patience to extricate the major's jeep from a bottomless morass even though the major, his gold leaves shining like the sun itself and extinguishing the man beneath them, is thundering like Jupiter and reminding the private that

he, the major, is a major and must be treated accordingly.

It is not to be concluded that mud is not exasperating. In some mysterious manner it finds its way into almost everything that exists. Let it confine itself to the shoes, and all is well. But it refuses to do that. It climbs over the shoes until it has taken charge of the trousers. It spots the vest and often-times can be found as high as the head. You take your comb from your pocket to sort out the mud from your hair, and you discover mud on your comb. You pick up your suitcase with the intention of making a journey, and you find mud on the handle of your suitcase. You have your mess kit filled with nice hot food; you carry it to a fine dry tree in order to eat in comfort that which your taxes paid for and suddenly you discover that mud has joined hands with hash or that spam has at last found a friend like itself. Nothing is sacred to it. Nothing is safe from it.

YET, in spite of all that has been said, were it not for mud, millions of dollars would be idle for lack of a place where they might be spent. Mud makes for boots, and thereby keeps designers, advertisers, millionaires and common workers in ready money. Imagine, if you can, smokeless chimneys, deserted factories, empty boot stores, and you will see in an instant the necessity of mud. Destroy mud and you destroy all these. Furthermore, what would the sidewalk-makers do without mud to form the basis for their salary? Their children would cry in vain for bread and their wives go frantic in trying to find it.

And so we close these remarks with the old adage that there's a little bit of good in every bad little thing. Of this we are certain: the present war would not be half so interesting if it were not for the multiple problems that are posed by mud.

Marital Self-Restraint

On March 9, 1944, the great leader of India, Mahatma Gandhi wrote the following words to Lord Wavell, the English Viceroy in India, who had expressed his condolences on the recent death of Gandhi's wife:

" . . . It was in 1906 that by mutual consent and after unconscious trials we (my wife and I) definitely adopted self-restraint as the rule of life. To my great joy this knit us together as never before. We ceased to be two different entities without my wishing it. She chose to lose herself in me. The result was that she became truly my better half. . . .

Origin of "John Bull"

The typical Englishman is a musician. At any rate, the personification of England as John Bull derives from the fact that it was a court musician of Elizabethan times, John Bull by name, who wrote the tune to which later were set the patriotic words of "God Save the King."

Thought for the Shut-in

L. F. HYLAND

HEROES FOR SHUT-INS (1)

Hero-worship is a valuable instinct of human nature, worthy of reasonable cultivation in almost every walk of life. Since being a shut-in constitutes a vocation, temporary or permanent, it has its heroes, to whom the shut-in should look for inspiration and encouragement. Moreover, these heroes can offer more than passive inspiration; they have the power of intercession to help in a positive way those who call on them.

One of the great heroes for every shut-in should be St. Paul. He seemed to have an especially soft spot in his heart for the afflicted, probably because he was sorely afflicted himself. So many of his mightiest words were addressed to people who seemed to have reason for grumbling and complaining about their lot. For such as these, he did not hesitate to make himself an example, revealing his own miseries with utter abandon. The shut-in will always find solace in the contemplation of the classic passage in his letter to the Corinthians: "And lest the greatness of the revelations should puff me up, there was given me a thorn for the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me. Concerning this I thrice besought the Lord that it might leave me. And He said to me: 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for strength is made perfect in weakness.' Gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the strength of Christ may dwell in me. Wherefore I am satisfied, for Christ's sake, with infirmities, with insults, with hardships, with persecutions, with distresses. For when I am weak, then I am strong."

Scholars argue as to just what was the "thorn for the flesh" of which St. Paul speaks. Whatever it was, whether a physical ailment or disfigurement, or a temptation, it is a perfect symbol of the trial that illness or disability is to every shut-in. Like St. Paul, he may beg God for its removal, and if God does not remove it, He will send superabundant grace to balance the weakness. From St. Paul, every shut-in should learn to "glory in infirmity," "to be satisfied, for Christ's sake, with distresses," to see the strength of Christ in the weakness of man. To every shut-in who prays to him and thinks of him, St. Paul will whisper from heaven: "Rejoice; again I say, rejoice. . . . Think not that the sufferings of the present time are worthy to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in you."

THE DOCTOR AND DEMOCRACY

The state of the question on the health and medical care of America. Much debating the issues will be done during the next few months, and you will need these facts to evaluate proposals.

W. F. MCKEE

FROM current trends it seems likely that the doctor is to occupy a new position in our post-war democracy. Prominent public groups, politicians and many doctors themselves are agitating for a change in the present system of providing and paying for medical care. The reason behind their action is a story of pitiful suffering and misery for which America should be able to find some kind of a remedy. Since such a change would be an important step in national history it is well to examine the facts which militate for that change and what remedies are proposed.

The United States has been called the healthiest nation on the globe. But this designation tends to create a false idea. It is the healthiest, but not so healthy as it could and should be.

The United States ranks 8th in the number of mothers dying in childbirth. Some 30 per cent to 50 per cent of those mothers could be saved. Moreover, 50,000 babies a year die from preventable and curable illnesses. World War I claimed 50,285 dead; but in 1931 alone, 135,845 infants less than one year old died. Many thousands of these died because of inadequate or no medical care. With surgery and radiation treatment, 30,000 of the cancer victims who died last year would be alive this year. When this country organized for war she examined 13 million men for the draft. Of that number 29 per cent had to be rejected for medical reasons; this does not include rejections for mental deficiency or mental disease.

More than one-half the counties of the United States have no full-time, trained, public-health officers. Hundreds

of counties are without public-health nurses. Only a fortunate few have maternal and child health personnel sufficient to meet their needs and still maintain high standards. Even the combined federal, state, and local agencies are inadequate to cope with fundamental health problems affecting millions, such as maternal and child care, venereal diseases, pneumonia, tuberculosis and occupational diseases.

The American doctor, too, is not faring so well today as many people think. The average medical student under present conditions can look forward to a future economically unsafe. Before the war he saw 59 per cent of the doctors with incomes both unstable and insecure. Of that number 31 per cent (45,000 doctors) had yearly incomes ranging from \$2,000 to \$5,000. But the other 28 per cent (39,000 doctors) received \$2,000 and under. These figures do not include overhead expenses for which 40 per cent of the doctor's income is used. The incomes for dentists are much the same. Considering their long and expensive education and their unselfish service to their fellowmen, most doctors are paid but little.

CONDITIONS are further aggravated both for the people and the doctors by the unequal distribution of doctors. They overcrowd the cities, leaving the sparsely settled areas with none or too few. There is one doctor for every 487 New Yorkers but one for every 1,501 Mississippians. In the whole State of Kentucky one physician serves an average of 1,106 persons; but in

nine counties of the state, the average per physician is 3,000 or more. Such an unequal distribution must have harmful effects in those areas.

The hospitals also are having their troubles. During the 1930's the American people were faced with the dilemma of not enough hospital beds for those who needed them (350,000 more would have been necessary at that time to accommodate ought-to-be-hospitalized patients) and partially empty hospitals because the patients could not afford them. The public hospitals, it is true, were jammed. But the voluntary were half-empty. Decline in occupancy means a serious and often disastrous decline in income for the voluntary hospitals. Even when occupied, they must give many patients free care. In Chicago in 1933, 50 per cent of all hospital admissions received free care.

Like the doctors, the hospitals are unequally distributed. In 1,300 counties with a population of 17 million there are no general hospitals at all. The cities have the advantages of modern hospitalization, the more thinly settled areas do not. In New York there is one general hospital bed for every 196 population while throughout the rest of the nation the ratio is one for every 263 population.

The private practice of nursing is in a desperate economic situation. The number of graduate nurses has increased rapidly in recent years so that the number of nurses per 100,000 population rose from 16 to 240 between the years 1900 and 1929. In the past decade the increase has not been so great, but it has been steady. The point is that the number of nurses increases while the number of opportunities to practice nursing remains the same; i.e., the number of people who can afford nurses does not increase with the number of nurses.

A study in New York State in 1934 revealed an average income of *less than \$500* per year for private duty nurses.

THIS problem of providing adequate medical care for all is largely economic. No single unit can be blamed for the national situation, whether physician, hospital or medical association. The reason the American people do not get more medical care is that most of them cannot pay for it. The more income they have the more care they receive. Those in the top income groups (over \$10,000) receive five calls per person a year from the physician; while those in the lower income groups (under \$1,200) receive less than two calls per person. Even families with substantial incomes (\$3,000 to \$6,000) cannot be absolutely sure they are safe from economic hardship when illness strikes, because serious sickness may come to several members of the same family at the same time, may cling for months or years and thus reduce a family to want.

With these facts in mind it can be readily seen why the government, doctors and public-spirited men and women are trying to formulate plans to prevent and cure the unnecessary suffering of millions.

To take care of certain local needs the plans are many and varied and some of them are already in operation. Some want free clinics enlarged or the establishment of new ones. "Group Hospitalization" (very prevalent today) is the answer to the costs of hospitalization for many. Group medicine (several doctors working as a unit to save overhead and to provide a greater range of care) has been able to bring medical care to those who could not previously afford it. A prominent plan in operation today is the "Group Payment Plan" which is an insurance project for complete hospital

THE LIGUORIAN

and medical coverage. A well functioning example of this is the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles. This is a private clinic which covers the wage-earner and his family for \$2.50 per month per wage-earner, regardless of the size of the family; although hospitalization and X-ray services included for the wage-earners are not included for other family members.

Since the need is nationwide, a plan to be really practical must be nationwide too. There are several prominent plans.

SOME doctors propose *real socialized medicine* which could also be called "state medicine" or "communistic medicine." Under this plan the doctor, the hospitals, the medical associations would belong part and parcel to the government. The doctor would be the salaried employee of the state. The state would rule medicine much as the American Medical Association does today but more completely and absolutely. This system in short would be medicine similar to that in Russia today, a prospect that cannot even be considered by true Americans.

Another plan is "*Sickness Insurance (compulsory) according to Vocational Groups.*" This plan was formulated largely with the idea in mind that health risk and life hazard vary according to occupation and occupations according to industry. Therefore a plan should be flexible and variable so that he who has the greater risks should pay the greater insurance. The funds for care would be derived from contributions from both employer and employee. The various branches of industry would establish autonomous bodies authorized by law to administer a system of health benefits. The government should compel organization of and membership in such

social insurance corporations. If each industry therefore were required to take care of its now sick and disabled employees it would be more anxious to establish and maintain healthier and hazardless conditions. In short this plan would be to "let every industry take care of its own by insurance under law."

Going right to the heart of the problem and attacking it in its cause is *the program of the cooperative movement.* Since the cause is largely economic the cooperatives propose the following. A national program of educating the people to the benefits and blessings of cooperation (if necessary with the help of the government) should be inaugurated, for cities and rural areas alike. The people in cooperatives of one kind or another (particularly the lower income groups) would be able to save money for purchasing food, clothing, etc., cooperatively, as several million cooperative members have done. Thereupon with more money available they would be able to take care of their own medical and hospital bills, or if unable to do that, they could add to the existing cooperative a new department which would purchase medical care for its members as it purchases any other commodity. Such a program, it is felt, is more in line with the democratic way of doing things than any form of "compulsion."

TH E last and most widely discussed program today is that of the *Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill* now pending in Congress. This has come, in many people's minds, to be identified with "socialized medicine." The bill is a plan to distribute the costs of medical care over the vast majority of the people through compulsory Social Security Insurance (or tax). Its supporters call it a national insurance plan, nothing

more. They say that its purpose is to see that adequate medical care is provided for all who need it and an adequate return made to all who provide that care. Its particular feature is that it is most comprehensive, i.e., it leaves no group (which has incomes under \$3,000 a year) or medical benefit out of consideration.

The general plan of the bill is this. A Surgeon-General is to be appointed by the President to administer the health program. He will be assisted by an advisory council of sixteen members chosen by the medical and hospital associations and other prominent lay groups. Bureaus will be set up in localities according to population demand. All persons with a yearly income of less than \$3,000 will be required by law to participate. They will pay a small Social Security tax with a like contribution from their employer. The self-employed will contribute a tax too. The program embraces state and government workers. The indigent will have their insurance paid for them from public funds.

Under the bill the present system of doctors' offices, privately owned hospitals, etc., will be maintained but is to be extended. The patient may choose any doctor he wishes, and may change if he thinks it necessary. When he receives care from the doctor or goes to the hospital, the government pays his bill. The doctors are free to belong to the plan and once they sign up they have the choice of rejecting patients. The personal relation between the patient and the doctor so necessary for medical care is maintained. It is even furthered in so far as the plan removes the cause of much conflict between the patient and the doctor, viz., the bill.

The hospitals are to be left free to join or not. A patient will be able to

enter the hospital only on the recommendation of the doctor, much as it is today. The patient will receive 30 days' free hospitalization, as the bill reads today, with provisions for further extensions of this period as more funds become available.

SUPPORTERS of the bill maintain that it will solve the present problems of deficient medical care in certain areas and among certain classes, and that without danger to private practice and the freedom of Americans to choose physicians and hospitals. They list its comprehensive benefits: general practitioners' services to all, specialists' services when needed; X-ray and laboratory use; preventive measures as well as curative. They affirm it will maintain the independence of physicians, encourage medical students by assuring them of financial security, promote research and specialization.

The opponents of the bill maintain, among other things, that it has two great dangers: 1) the danger always inherent in centralized control of a profession that enters the lives of people so intimately as that of medicine and hospital care. What is to prevent, for example, a surgeon-general or the head of a district federal bureau from dictating norms of procedure that are contrary to the consciences of those who will nevertheless be at the mercy of the controlling agency? Everyone knows that in the practice of medicine today there are some points on which consciences are sharply divided — therapeutic abortion, for example, and sterilization. 2) The other danger that is mentioned is that the freedom offered to private practicing physicians and private hospitals, will be such in name only. If they do not join the federal

system, they will almost surely be rendered economically incapable of carrying on their work. If they do join, say these objectors, they will lose initiative, or if they preserve it, will be subject to a specific authority as to when and how they may indulge it. Neither of these dangers, say the proponents of the bill, will materialize; they maintain that the bill itself has provisions against them.

THE whole matter will be thoroughly debated during the present session of Congress. Through that, the attention of the nation will be focused on the present deficiencies in medical care, both preventive and curative, and without doubt the result will be corrective measures of some kind. It is a problem in which everybody should be interested, and in which every proposed measure should be analyzed carefully before it is accepted.

Christmas on New Guinea

(Letter from Chaplain L. G. Miller)

"Christmas is past, and I don't suppose that in whatever years lie ahead of me I shall ever spend a stranger one. We had a midnight Mass, and large numbers attended despite the rain which came and went all evening. No one worries much about getting wet over here. We decorated the chapel with ferns and palm leaves; some red tissue paper judiciously tacked up made the day a little less like Palm Sunday. The choir sang the Mass of the Angels and the usual carols, and did very well. I had another Mass at 8:15. In the afternoon a group of us piled in my jeep and rode to a native village where we were privileged to see a "sing-sing," which is a primitive dance which they indulge in from time to time. The natives paint their faces hideously and wear fantastic headdresses made out of feathers, bark and paper. The dance is much the same as you have seen often in the movies. The men gather in close phalanxes, and while the lizard-skin drums are beat in slow cadence (bum-bumbum-bum-bumbum-bum) they weave around in a circle, shuffling their feet in time with the rhythm, and chanting some sort of war-song with a variation of about three notes. Finally they close the movement with a blood-curdling shriek. Then the process begins again. It isn't at all difficult to imagine a pot simmering in the midst with some unfortunate fellow being parboiled to taste. Of course, it's all in fun; we saw some of the native boys who work here cleaning up the area dancing with the rest. One of them, I believe, had a copy of a Sydney newspaper woven into his headdress. When we returned to camp, it was too hot to do much else than lie around. I had a Mass in the evening. One of the fat men perspired his way around the wards in a Santa Claus outfit, complete with cartridge belt. I felt sorry for him; the thermometer registered 140 in the sun. But it was as pleasant a Christmas as could be expected under the circumstances, and everybody accepts the circumstances with remarkable fortitude."

THE CALLOUS JEW

This story is told as a sample — a true sample — of what has happened many times over. It will continue to happen only so long as love and zeal remain the marks of Catholics.

W. J. LOCKMAN

IT WAS almost winter, in the year 1841. The chilling winds whistled around the corners of the narrow, winding streets. But even so, the Neapolitan sun was still bright in the deep blue above. Naples was still the lively city it had always been.

In this city was young, brilliant Alphonse Ratisbonne — a Jew. He was on his way to the East to find health and happiness. He was in Naples, yes, but his heart was in Strassbourg. There he had left his family, his relatives, and above all, his sweetheart. If he was ever to find health and return to Strassbourg, he had to push on. He had to leave Italy.

But he must visit Rome. He might never have another chance to see that City of the Caesars. So Alphonse went to Rome. Two weeks he spent seeing its glories, and then on the last day he went to say good-bye to a friend. As luck would have it, his friend, de Bussieres, was not at home. But he had to leave a message anyway. So he went to see his friend's brother, Theodore, whom he had met but once before. This brother was, of all things, a Catholic.

Now Ratisbonne was a Jew from one end of the Mosaic law to the other. He hated Christianity. He despised and jeered at anything that even sounded like thunderings from the Vatican. Still, he wanted to leave a message.

The Jew, cold and stony-faced, knocked at de Bussieres' door. An Italian servant answered. She misunderstood his words, that he wished only to leave a message, and introduced him into the parlor. There was nothing he

could do now but follow, much as he hated to enter a Catholic home. And there before him stood the Catholic.

The conversation, naturally, was not very lively, and touched only on general topics, especially the wonders of Rome. "A rather odd thing happened to me the other day," said Ratisbonne. "While I was looking over the church of Aracoeli on the Capitol, I had a rather strange feeling. The queer part of it was that I couldn't find a reason for it. The janitor happened to come by right then and he noticed me — I suppose I had an odd expression on my face. Anyway, he asked me what was the matter, and said he'd often seen people affected like that in the church of Aracoeli."

KNOWING that de Bussieres was thinking a conversion was near, Alphonse hastened to insist very strongly that it was merely a religious feeling, and not a Christian one. De Bussieres still was not convinced and it was not long before the air became warm with argument. The Catholic tried to urge some of his own religious convictions, but his visitor only smiled. He was born a Jew, and a Jew he would die.

Argument followed argument; reason chased reason. But not the slightest impression was made on Ratisbonne.

De Bussieres finally found an opening. It seemed foolish at first, but indirect means had succeeded before this. "Since you're so confident in your own opinions, how about promising me to wear something that I'll give you?" De

Bussieres then held up a cord with a medal on it. Alphonse Ratisbonne at the sight of it threw himself back in his chair. The Jew was seething; he was speechless. It was a medal of the Blessed Virgin.

De Bussieres had Alphonse well in hand; he struck again. "But from your point of view it's perfectly indifferent to you. And if you wear it, you'd be doing me a big favor."

"Oh, I'll not refuse you. I'll at least show you that people have no right to accuse us Jews of being creed-bound zealots. Besides, you're furnishing me with a charming chapter for my travel notes and impressions." But the visitor did not stop there. He continued talking. A steady flow of blasphemous jokes poured into de Bussieres' burning ear. The Catholic said nothing; he simply put the cord around the Jew's neck.

And to top it off, his host asked him to say St. Bernard's prayer, the *Memorare*. There Alphonse called a halt. Too much was too much—and this was too much. But de Bussieres insisted. He wanted the Jew to copy it and send it back. He said it was the only copy he had. Alphonse gave in. Anything to be done with such stupidity. He pocketed the prayer and left immediately, muttering, "Gods of Rome! I wonder what he'd say if I plagued him like that to say some of my Jewish prayers?"

Alphonse Ratisbonne copied out the prayer, read and reread it. He could see nothing in it that should make it so precious to that fool, de Bussieres. But because he had read it so often, he knew it by heart. And as he walked around, the prayer kept popping up in his memory like some catchy melody. He could not rid himself of the thing. However, he thought it could do him no harm, so he paid little attention to it.

THEODORE de Bussieres was intrigued. This Jew of whom he knew practically nothing caught his fancy. There was something about him—. He must be kept in Rome. So the plagued Alphonse received an invitation to de Bussieres' home.

Ratisbonne accepted the Christian's invitation. Providence was fishing with good bait. The next Sunday he was again standing on de Bussieres' door-step.

Once inside, arguments were again tossed about. Theodore was the pro; Alphonse, con. Alphonse Ratisbonne was to stay in Rome another week, so said his host, Theodore; Alphonse had to stay for a celebration in St. Peter's. This host was so impolite that he dragged his guest out of the house, down to the ticket office, and canceled his reservation for his trip to Palestine. Then to make matters more unpleasant for the Jew, they went visiting churches.

When they parted for the day, de Bussieres dined with a bed-ridden friend of his, Count de Laferronays. The Count was a good listener while Theodore told him about his Jew. When he finished, the Count became enthusiastic. "Keep up your hopes; if he says the *Memorare*, you have him for sure, and many others with him."

The next day Theodore de Bussieres heard the Count had died. But the Count was powerful in heaven—he knew that—so he felt that now Ratisbonne was almost caught.

A few days later as de Bussieres was walking down the street, he met Alphonse. He asked the Jew to join him in the walk. Again Ratisbonne accepted. As they walked along, Theodore told his friend about the Count's death. He told Alphonse how much he had admired the Count. But when he told him about de Laferronays' power

in heaven, Ratisbonne merely smiled. Soon they neared the church of S. Andrea della Fratte. De Bussieres told his friend he had to see one of the priests about the Count's funeral of the next day. They entered the church, and de Bussieres left Ratisbonne alone, while he went into the sacristy to see the priest.

When Theodore returned ten or twelve minutes later, Alphonse could not be found. After several minutes of search, he discovered him. Alphonse Ratisbonne, the callous Jew, the hater of Catholicism, was kneeling in prayer! There in a Catholic church, in front of the chapel of St. Michael, knelt this twenty-eight year old son of Abraham.

De Bussieres was dumbfounded. He could see no explanation for his friend's actions. Only a few minutes before that same man was a scoffing, ridiculing Israelite. A mere touch on the shoulder did not distract Alphonse. It was several minutes before he realized that de Bussieres was trying to get his attention. As he turned his head, de Bussieres saw that the Jew was a scoffer no longer.

A miracle! That thought raced through the Christian's mind. A miracle! But what to do? He could not just stand there gaping. He had to do something. And the first thing was to get outside. He led Ratisbonne out of the church; in fact, he practically carried him out.

"Explain yourself, man! What's this all about?"

The emotion was too much for Alphonse. Answers would not come. All he could say was, "God, what happiness!" Finally, he grasped de Bussieres' arm and asked him if he thought that he, Ratisbonne, were crazy. But de Bussieres did not have a chance to answer.

"I'm not insane! No! No! My God,

I haven't lost my senses. Everybody knows I'm in my right mind!"

GRADUALLY calmness returned. Slowly the emotions of this reviler of Christ died down. Theodore de Bussieres asked him again and again what had happened. He knew it was a miracle, but there were thousands of miracles. What had happened?

Ratisbonne's answer was mysterious and inviting. He declared he would not speak till he had permission from a priest — a Catholic priest — "for, what I have seen, I must tell on my knees."

De Bussieres wasted no time. He could wait no longer. He ran Ratisbonne all the way to the Jesuit church of the Gesu. When they arrived there, Ratisbonne drew out his medal, showed it to the priest, Fr. de Villefort, and then, choked with emotion exclaimed, "I HAVE SEEN HER! I HAVE SEEN HER!" But that was all he could utter. Again his emotions got the better of him. After some time his composure returned and he said, "I had been but a moment in the church when I was seized with a feeling of uneasiness. I looked up." He paused. "The whole building seemed to be veiled to my eyes: a single chapel had all the light concentrated in itself. And in the midst of all this radiance, standing on the altar, was the Blessed Virgin, tall, glorious, full of majesty and sweetness; just as she is on my medal. Some kind of irresistible force drew me toward her. With a sign of her hand she motioned me to kneel down. She didn't say a word, but I understood everything."

He could not explain how he had passed from the right side of the church to the chapel on the left. He knew it had happened, and that was enough for him.

"God," he would say, "I, who but a half an hour before was still blaspheming! I, who had such a deadly hatred for the Catholic religion! . . . But everyone knows that, humanly speaking, I have the strongest reasons for remaining a Jew. My family is Jewish, my fiancée is a Jewess, my uncle is a Jew. When I become a Catholic, I'm sacrificing everything. . . ."

ALPHONSE Ratisbonne was baptized only ten days later. This was exceptional; but the Blessed Virgin had given him all the knowledge he needed for baptism. So he was received into the church a little over a week after his conversion.

Later de Bussieres reminded him of their previous conversation about Count

de Laferronays. The Jew thought it over. And from then on, he claimed that it was to the prayers of the Count that he owed his conversion.

Not long afterwards Marie (his baptismal name) Alphonse Ratisbonne joined those in the ranks of Christ's priesthood. But even that was not enough. He wanted to do all he could for God and for the Jews. He founded the religious order of Sisters, Notre Dame de Sion. Now his dreams were fulfilled: daughters of Sion consecrated to Christ; to pray and suffer for the conversion of Israel.

And here in the United States there are about fifty such nuns, most of whom are converts of Judaism. They are praying that all the children of Israel will follow them into the Catholic Church, their Church.

Prophecy on Russia

Orestes Brownson, one of the greatest thinkers the United States has ever produced, wrote the following remarkable words of prediction in 1873, as part of an introduction to a book by his daughter Sarah M. Brownson, on the life of Prince Demitrius Gallitzin, the noble Orthodox Russian who was converted to Catholicism in 1788, and in 1795 was ordained a priest by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, and then devoted his life to the pioneer American missions.

"Russia is really the freshest and youngest of the nations of the Old World and while sometimes she is their dread, she, perhaps, should be looked upon as their hope. The so-called Latin races at this moment seem to have become effete, and the German races for the moment apparently possessing the hegemony of Europe, have to a fearful extent lost their faith, and become almost as unbelieving and as misbelieving as when they overran and supplemented the Roman Empire, or as they were before St. Boniface carried to them the Gospel and civilization with it.

"Unless the German people, especially their princes and nobles, return to the communion of the Holy See, and resume the work of Karl the Great and his Austrian Franks and Allemani, the newly reconstructed German Empire will fall as rapidly as it had risen; for it has no support in religion, or in the traditions of the German people. According to all human foresight the hegemony of the Old World is destined to pass from the Teutonic to the Slavic race, from Germany to Russia. Russia has not lost her religiosity, and there are no people in the Old World among whom there is found so much religious sentiment as the Russian, or that are so capable of being moved by religious or Christian motives. . . .

"It is because I firmly believe that the reunion of the Russian Church with the Universal Church will be effected, and that Russia is destined to make an end of the Ottoman power, and take her turn as the future leader of the civilized world, that I regard with such deep interest everything connected with her."

Side Glances

by The Bystander

The bystander goes eavesdropping again this month. He listens in on the conversation of young people who might be mutually thinking about marriage except for the fact that one of them is a Catholic and the other is not. This is the recording of what the intelligent Catholic young man or young woman are heard saying to a companion who, though attractive and in many ways desirable, is not of their faith.



(*Catholic boy speaking*) "Maybe you'll think that I'm rushing matters, but here is something that is important to me. We've known one another only a few weeks, and we seem to be getting on swell together. But there's a hitch in it, and I think it better to bring it out into the open now than to wait until later when it would be harder to say it. As you know, I'm a Catholic and you're not. If we keep on going together and getting used to one another and perhaps liking one another more and more, we would be bound some day to think about marriage. It's just natural, isn't it? That's why I think it best to let you know now that I could never consider marrying anyone who was not a Catholic. The reason is because I don't think either of us, in such a marriage, could be happy. There are too many possibilities for serious disagreement in that situation. And even if a couple didn't disagree openly, they would have to in secret, and that would be a huge barrier between them. And if there were children, I'd want them to be good Catholics, even better than I am, with every chance of learning and practicing and loving my religion from their earliest childhood on. But how could they, if their mother was not a Catholic, even though she were willing to do anything in the world for them? Anyway, it's so important to me that I want to ask you now to do one of two things. Either agree with me that it's best that we break up and not see each other any more, or let me show you why my religion means so much to me. I could take you to a priest and have him tell you better than I could what the Catholic religion is. You wouldn't be bound to anything except to learn what I believe. And I don't ask this with any definite view to asking you to marry me; we don't know each other well enough yet. But I do think you'd profit by the experience. What do you say? You can't give up your own religion? It would kill your mother if you did? O.K., I understand. Then it's best that we say good-bye. I won't forget you in my prayers. . . ."



(*Catholic girl speaking*) "I cannot agree with you that love is everything. You say that when two people like each other as much as we do, it doesn't matter what they believe. But you are wrong there. I cannot see it that way. Maybe if neither of the two had very strong convictions about religion, it would not matter very much if they differed a little. But my convictions about religion are the strongest things in me. I really believe that my most important job in life is to save my soul. And that if I have children some day, my most important job for them will be to teach them how to save their souls. You've told me that you are not very interested in this 'soul business'; that you don't know just what you believe about God; that you don't care to study up, or be instructed, or learn any more than you know now. This isn't easy for me, because I do like you. All right, call it love, if you will. But I love God more. I don't want to go through life bound to somebody who will be of no help to me in loving God, or who may even be a hindrance. I'll give you an example of what I mean. I know it is a

THE LIGUORIAN

sin—a great offense against God—to practice contraception in marriage; you don't believe that at all. The first time the problem came up, we'd either have to have a fight about it, or I'd have to give in and offend my conscience and God. No, thanks. I'm sorry, but this is final. . . ."



(*Catholic boy speaking*) "You say it's unfair of me to ask you to take instructions in my religion while I refuse to consider changing my religion for yours. I think I can show you that this is not so. I am a Catholic and you are a Protestant. If you know your religion well, you must know the fundamental principle of all Protestant religions. It is this: that the individual Protestant has the right of private judgment and private research and private opinion in matters of religion. Is it not true that a Protestant may change off churches? He may go to a Methodist or Congregational or Baptist church, even though the ministers teach different things; or if he is a Lutheran, he still may belong to any one of several Lutheran synods, which differ vastly in what they teach; or if he is an Anglican, he may go to a high church or a low church (do you know how great are the differences between them?) or even change off if he pleases. A Protestant (one who knows the fundamental teachings of Protestantism) may take the bible himself and read it and interpret it for himself. That is all because he maintains freedom from any authority, or as I said, private judgment in religion. Now I, as a Catholic, have used my judgment to find out that the Catholic Church is God's authority in religion; that as a Catholic I am not free to believe what I please but must accept what God has made known to me through the authority He appointed. That means that I am not free to 'shop around' for a different religion and a different set of views, because I am convinced that this is the true one. But you are free, as it were, 'to shop around'. That's what the right of individuals to private judgment means in Protestantism. That's why I can ask you to learn what I believe and why, without offending your conscience, while I may not take any chance of giving up my religion. Of course, I only asked it. You do not have to consent. And since we cannot get together in a matter so important as religion, it would be foolish for us to continue our friendship or even to consider marriage. We could never be happy. We'll just have to say good-bye. . . ."



(*Catholic girl or boy speaking*) "No, I cannot accept your offer to become a Catholic just because you want to marry me. Your wish is too evidently inspired by the wrong motive. You talk about being baptized tomorrow, or getting it over with in a hurry, or being willing to accept anything. But that would be making a mockery of a very serious and sacred thing. There is only one way to become a Catholic, and that is through serious and protracted study, sincere conviction, and the realization that being a Catholic is a greater privilege than that of marrying anybody in the world. It is too evident that you would never see it in that light. It was evident on the few occasions we visited the priest, when you were fidgety and impatient and clearly uninterested in what he was saying. An insincere or unconvinced Catholic is far worse than no Catholic at all. When I say I can marry only a Catholic it means a Catholic for life, not for the marriage ceremony. There is only one thing to do and that is for us to part as good friends. If you are willing then to study the matter seriously, and to prove that you can become a convinced Catholic, we might talk about getting married again. But in the meantime it is best for the happiness of both of us that we go our own ways. I'm sorry, but it's the only way. . . ."

Catholic Anecdotes

SERMON FROM A STRANGER

THAT a person never knows when a word of encouragement spoken or written may do some good is evidenced by this anecdote told by a soldier in *Contact*:

"There's a fellow in our outfit who used to kick the gong around with his rotten talk about the wild parties he had during his frequent furloughs. Worse thing was he always made a point of stating what a good Catholic he was. I couldn't get next to him no matter how hard I tried. His talk was bad enough, but I could have bashed his head in for tearing down the Church and the Faith by his big-mouth talk about being a Catholic, especially when he hadn't been to Mass and the Sacraments for so long.

"The other night I was re-reading a letter that an old man from our neighborhood had sent me. The old fellow had been around for a long time and was writing me to live up to my religion and never to be ashamed of it no matter whom I happened to be with. Anyway, as I sat there reading, the problem child burst into the barracks running off at the mouth as usual until he spotted me and stopped short. He asked me if I just had a letter from the undertaker, since I looked so serious. I told him it was just a bit of horse sense from an old campaigner and it wouldn't do him any harm to take a gander at it.

"Well, sir, it did the trick. He got the point, hasn't missed Sunday Mass since, and is pretty serious about living up to his faith. He doesn't brag about being a good Catholic any more either, though he has a right to now."

COMPASSION

ST. CLEMENT, successor to St. Peter as Pope, in the writings he has left us on the first century of the Church, tells us that St. Peter used to love to talk with his companions about the touching instances of kindness the Saviour gave, instances that were not recorded in the Sacred Writings. The great stalwart Peter, says St. Clement, would shed tears of love as he called to mind the tenderness of the God-Man who seemed to watch over the wants of the Apostles as a fond mother over the needs of her children.

He particularly loved to relate how the Saviour, during the missionary journeys of the Apostles through the villages and towns of Judea, would often come to visit them during the night, to see if they had had enough to eat, or whether they had enough covering or were suffering from the cold. If anything was needed, He would immediately supply it.

Pointed Paragraphs

Military Training for All?

So many powerful voices have been raised in favor of compulsory military training for all American young men after the war that one hesitates to express a doubtful view. The matter has gone so far that the proponents of the measure are beginning to snarl at those who oppose them, which is one of the more obvious signs of hysteria or, at least, emotional unbalance.

However, the issue is too large and important to be decided offhand. There is nothing trivial about a proposal that every young man in America, on his eighteenth birthday or thereabouts, disrupt his education or his effort to maintain himself in a job and for a year devote himself to such things as learning to march in formation, to carry, present and discharge fire-arms, to run obstacle races, etc. The effect of such a measure will be stupendous; it may well change the entire temper of the American nation. Therefore every pro and con should be well considered before it is accepted as a necessary good.

On the one hand, no true American will hesitate for a moment to accept the following proposition: If compulsory military training is the only adequate way to preserve peace or to defend America from aggressors, then all its inconveniences and disadvantages should not stand in the way of its being adopted.

The big questions that arise at once, however, are: 1) Is this the only way to insure peace? 2) Is this an adequate way to insure peace? To our mind, affirmative answers to these two questions have not been proved.

That compulsory military training is the only way to safeguard the nation seems to us to be too quick an assumption that it is impossible for democratic America to protect itself without resorting to one of the least pleasant of totalitarian methods. It seems to us that if, in peace time, a fraction of the money that would be required to give military training to all eighteen-year olds, were used to recruit, equip and train a large voluntary standing army, to promote and supervise strong National and State Guard units, to keep abreast of every latest military development and make it ready for use, America would have little to fear from unpreparedness. If added to this, the national administration, especially through its State department, would train itself to see danger from afar off, and at such times only would promote special measures of preparedness like temporary conscription, etc., America would never be caught with its guard down as it was in the present war.

That compulsory military training of eighteen-year olds would provide an adequate defense against sudden or "sneak" attacks we find it hard to see. Questions that come to mind are these: For how long after one year's training will a man be ready to step into his place in an army without another year's training? How many nations that looked to compulsory military training as their best defense were really saved by it? Will not compulsory

military training do something to that loyal spirit of freedom-loving Americans for which no amount of military training can compensate? If the nation puts, say, a million men into military training every year, where will it get the several million more who will be needed for bookkeeping, service of supply, induction centers, etc.? It is said that fourteen men are needed in non-combatant positions for every man under arms today. Admit that this might be cut in half for peace time military training, and you still have a colossal problem. What kind of conscription will provide this army of workers?

These questions we should like to see answered before a democratic nation takes over one of the chief measures of the totalitarian state.

Best Seller Saga

The New York newspaper *P M*, recognized as one of the "pinker" publications of the country and devoted to a slam-bang, uninhibited, personal type of journalistic reporting, has done a masterly job in a field not directly connected with social, economic or political theories. It has given the case history, almost moment by moment, of how a publisher can create a best-seller out of a third or fourth rate book by a lavish use of money, the clever exploitation of obscenity, and the advertising power inherent in the pictures and personal appearances of a young and beautiful author. It is a sad story, because the publisher involved is the once highly regarded Macmillan Co. That they are garnering a mint of money through the successful campaign may be sufficient consolation for the prestige they are losing.

The book in question is "Forever Amber," by Kathleen Winsor. It purports to be a picture of Restoration period England. Its obscenity is so considerable that worldly-minded critics have been creating puns on the title too vulgar to be reprinted here. Here are some of the literary peoples' judgments about the value of the book: "Raw and foul-tongued" (*Saturday Review of Literature*); "many readers will never finish so poor a book" (*Time*); "her characters talk about as interestingly as brokers on the 8:19 from White Plains" (*New Yorker*); "with the War Production Board ordering another cut in paper, I vote for the World Almanac" (*Herald Tribune*).

How could such a book become a best-seller, with dealers unable to keep their shelves supplied with copies? The answer will be a classic story for the advertising trade, and considerably weakens the thesis held by some that before a good advertising job can be done, a good product must be provided. Here are a few of the items that created the demand for "Forever Amber":

The publishers set aside \$20,000, as an *initial* appropriation for promotion of the book.

The front cover of *Publisher's Weekly* was bought as advertising space and the charming author's picture and autograph were reproduced there. This was followed by two pages of "raves" about the forthcoming book. A great deal of other free and paid advertising space was procured.

A vaudeville tour of large cities was mapped out for the young author, where she would make personal appearances amid stacks of her books and autograph them for buyers.

Wide publicity was given to a so-called statement from the Will Hays

office, in charge of self-imposed censorship for the big movie companies, that these companies were being discouraged from bidding for the film rights to "Forever Amber" because it could not pass the censors. Mr. Hays himself personally denied that any such statement was ever issued by his office.

As a result of all this, 125,000 copies of the book had been ordered by dealers before it ever appeared. In our judgment, those who buy it or read it "have been taken for a ride."

Against Intemperance and Intoxication

A great Catholic movement against the evil of intemperance in drink has made great strides since the outbreak of the war. It is the Total Abstinence Union of America. Forty-four new societies of the Union were organized during 1944; 103 new societies have sprung up during the past two and a half years. At the annual convention of the T. A. U. held in Atlantic City last August, a five-year plan of promotion and expansion was projected, which will culminate in a national celebration, in 1949, of the 100th anniversary of the arrival in the United States of Father Theobald Mathew, the world renowned Apostle of Temperance.

The Total Abstinence Union not only recommends and urges complete abstinence from alcoholic beverages, but works positively to reclaim alcoholics, to minimize sources of temptation to others, and to promote legislation that will prevent many of the evils connected with taverns and other public drinking places. Given the support and cooperation it deserves, this truly Catholic organization can become the greatest force in the nation against the rapidly growing evils of intoxication and intemperance.

The Total Abstinence Union is not an adjunct of the Prohibition movement nor a promotor of it. It is a movement of Christian suasion, not of force. It *proposes* total abstinence; it does not seek to have total abstinence *imposed* by law. It aims at rescuing those who have already done harm to themselves or their families by excessive drinking, and it offers total abstinence from intoxicants as an ideal form of mortification for every sincere Christian.

There are thousands of men and women who actually need the help and encouragement of the total abstinence pledge. Everyone who must have intoxicants every day, thereby proving that he is a slave to drink, or who can never stop at taking one drink or two, or who has been spending money on drink needed by himself or his family for other things, or who has mistreated his parents, his wife or his children by reason of drink, or who periodically, even though there be fairly long intervals between occasions, becomes intoxicated, needs total abstinence. Nothing else will do.

There are thousands of other men and women who do not need total abstinence to save their souls or their homes, but whose mortification in this regard will be a means of saving innumerable others who do need it. The spiritual value of their sacrifice, and the practical influence of their conduct, will be a spur to many who need help. If there is no Total Abstinence Society in your city, why not become a promoter of one? For full particulars and methods, write to Wm. J. Hickey, 59 Elizabeth St., Derby, Connecticut.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

(NOTE: St. Alphonsus was a tireless letter-writer. Approximately 1500 of the Saint's letters have been collected into five volumes. They are probably the least known of his works. Yet they hardly deserve such a fate. For there is no form of writing in which a man reveals his true self more than in his correspondence. The letters of a Saint, a Doctor of the Church, and a renowned spiritual guide must, then, be all the more interesting and instructive. The letters that appear in the pages of "Liguorian" have been chosen with no effort at chronological arrangement, but only for their variety of interest, insight into St. Alphonsus' character, and spiritual advice.)

To His NEPHEWS, GIUSEPPE AND ALPHONSUS

Counsels to Virtue and Love of Study
(April, 1780).

Live Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

It is a miracle of God's goodness that he still allows me to live, that I may weep over my sins. I expected to receive a visit from you, that I might give you my last blessing and my last counsels. But God has refused me this consolation, which I do not merit. Praised be His holy name!

I bless you, then, at a distance, and I do so with all my heart. I pray God to bless you from heaven above, and to instill his holy fear into your young hearts. May he also grant you his love, but a love that will endure until death and lead you to that happy eternity. There I will await you, if the Lord be merciful to me.

Strive to fear God as your Master, but still more to love him as your Father. Father! how sweet a name, and this name you give him every day in the Lord's Prayer, when you say, *Our Father*. Yes, God is indeed your Father. Love him, then, with tenderness. He is your Father, and what a kind Father! His goodness, his sweetness, his love, his tenderness, his beneficence, his mercy, are all so many titles which should make you love him with a tender and filial affection. Happy shall you be if you love him from your tenderest years. His yoke will not seem heavy, but sweet; his holy laws will possess only charms for you; and by subduing your inordinate passions, you will learn to triumph over the enemies of your souls. This good disposition will gradually be strengthened in you, and you will find easy and sweet what the slaves of vice find painful and difficult.

Love Jesus Christ, then, my dear children, for he is your Lord and God. Love him much and guard this love with a jealous zeal. How great a loss is the loss of the love of God, of his grace and friendship, by which you would incur his indignation and vengeance!

Do you wish to avoid this evil? Be humble. He that is humble, flees all danger. In involuntary temptations he has recourse to God with confidence, and he thus preserves the divine love. On the other hand, he who is proud, easily falls into sin. Without humility you will never do anything truly good, for lack of sincere and solid virtue, or you will lose virtue very easily. God resists the proud. But the humble he

THE LIGUORIAN

treats with mercy; he regards them with favor; he makes them his true friends.

You will not be proud if you consider your own faults, for in your own souls, you will find motives for always humbling yourselves. True, you belong to an honorable family, but this is a gift of God. You are at a college directed by zealous and watchful masters; prudent and exemplary professors give you a good education; but this, also, is a gift of God. In a word all the good that you have, you have received from the Lord; and if you, more than others, are indebted to the divine goodness, what reason have you to be proud?

Obey your masters with love and gratitude, as very humble children. For whether they instruct and encourage you, or whether they correct and punish you they always bear towards you the charitable affection of their hearts. Obey them as so many fathers; for your father has entrusted you to their care and invested them with his own authority. Obey them, respect them, love them as you have to respect and love and obey your own father. I am confident that you will do so, to please God, your father and myself.

It pains me to hear that you are applying yourselves but little to study. O my children, if you only knew what wrong you are doing! Ignorance and sloth are fruitful sources of sin and vice. Study, then, with attention and diligence, with ardor and love, that you may know God, his benefits and rewards and think of him and love him ardently. Study, then, and afford me the consolation of hearing before my death that you are profiting by my counsels. I have reached the end of my days, and I know not whether you will ever see me again. May these last recommendations remain

engraved on your young hearts and produce the fruit that I desire!

Cherish a tender love for God. Study to know this great and amiable Master, in order to love him always more and more. By means of humility preserve his holy love in your hearts. Obey with docility and affection your superiors and your father; keep the rules of the college in order to please God. Finally be devout to the Blessed Virgin, under whose guidance and patronage I leave you, and to whom I always recommend you.

I bless you in our Lord, that you may belong to him for time and eternity. Amen.

Your very affectionate uncle,
Alphonsus Mary de Liguori, Bishop.

TO HIS BROTHER

DON ERCOLE DE LIGUORI

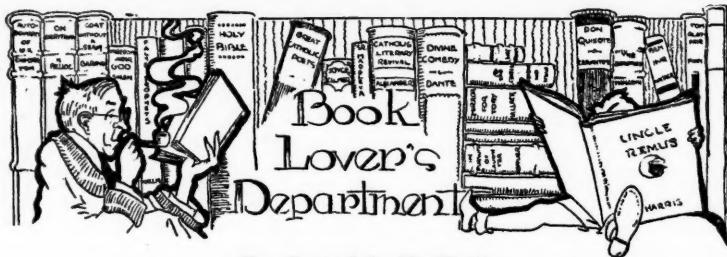
Solicitude for the Spiritual Interests of his Brother's Family (Dec., 1770).

For pity's sake, often recall the advice that I have given you at other times regarding the affair of your eternal salvation.

I am happy to see that the children practice the devotions I have recommended to them, and I hope that they wish to become saints. I have been, and will always be, faithful in praying for you, for your children, and for all the members of your household. And I ask the Lord to preserve you in good health, since you are now necessary to your family.

I am pleased that Don Gaetano (A brother of St. Alphonsus, a secular priest) is engaged in instructing little Alphonsus and that he celebrates Mass. Ask him to recommend me to Jesus Christ. I do not forget him, nor the other members of the family.

Your affectionate brother,
Alphonsus Mary.



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

EDWARD F. MURPHY, S.S.J.—1892—

I. *Life*: Historic Salem was the birthplace of Edward Murphy. He received his early schooling at the parochial school. Salem turned his thoughts to the sad plight of the colored race in America. A Sister used to point out to him the place from which many slave ships sailed with their human cargo and to tell him of the heroic self-sacrifice of St. Peter Claver. These impressions helped to turn his desires toward the priesthood when he was in college. He entered the Society of St. Joseph which is devoted to work for the Colored. Edward Murphy was raised to the sacred priesthood in 1919. Post-graduate studies were made at the Catholic University and at the Sorbonne. For eleven years he taught at Epiphany College, New York. Now he is pastor of a parish for the Colored in New Orleans. During the past thirteen years he has been Dean of the School of Philosophy at Xavier University, the Colored University of the South. He is a member of various learned societies.

II. *Writings*: As a very young boy Edward Murphy received his first check as a writer of a juvenile serial for a Catholic magazine. This first story was followed by several others. As a young college student, *Extension* published some of his short stories. Then Father Murphy began to write articles on various topics for the Catholic periodicals.

In 1921 he published his doctorate thesis, *St. Thomas' Political Theory and Democracy*. Mortimer Adler has just added his *New Psychology and the Old Religion* to the list of World Classics. Father Murphy's work with the Colored has resulted in many magazine articles on the race question, and in *The Tenth Man*, a fictionalized narrative of the Negro problem.

III. *The Novel*: Recently Father Murphy's novel about Mary Magdalen won the Bruce-Extension award. *The Scarlet Lily* presents an imaginary narrative of the life of a great penitent. Mary is driven on by a great hate and a great love. The brutal slaying of her father and her brother engender a consuming hatred for all men. She accepts the affections of men and despises them for their weakness. Yet an unsatisfied love fills her being. She is thrown into contact with Christ in the early part of His life. She hears of Him as a Child and sees Him as a Boy of twelve in the temple. She is drawn to Christ, but is afraid to approach Him. Finally through the intercession of Mary the Virgin she throws herself at the Feet of Christ at the banquet of Simon. She follows Christ during the rest of His public life. Appropriately the end of the book finds the *Scarlet Lily* at the foot of the Cross on the first Good Friday. It is refreshing to find a novel that does not distort the historical characters of the Gospel. This novel will provide several interesting and inspirational hours of reading.

FEBRUARY BOOK REVIEWS

Real flesh and blood heroines present strong motivation to the young. A Servite Nun sketches the lives of some of God's heroines in *Saints for Girls* (Herder, 207 pp., \$2.00). Saints from all walks of life are held up as models for imitation. Our Lady naturally heads the list as the Model of all womanhood.

Saints as different as the Little *Saints for Flower*, St. Gemma Galgani, Girls St. Zita and St. Margaret of Scotland are brought together in these pages. The stories are told in a way that will appeal to the younger girl without too much moralizing.

Eric Gill Mary Gill has collected some of her late husband's essays in *It All Goes Together* (Devlin-Adair, 192 pp., \$2.50). Eric Gill was the convert who never tired of preaching the dignity of work and the inhumanity of the present industrial system. The modern factory made of man only a cog in the machinery and not the responsible craftsman and artist proper to the dignity of man. In his own life Gill exemplified the principles for which he fought so ardently. With a group of friends and their families Gill lived a quasi-religious life. Gill is known as a great modern sculptor. *It All Goes Together* represents his thoughts on the industrial scene. In several of the essays his high conception of all human work as art is tellingly expressed. The article on the purpose of education is well worth reading by our moderns who believe in progress without any goal toward which to progress. This work represents the mature thought of one of the great Catholic individualists of our day. Gill is always provocative and stimulating.

Two exceptions are taken to the book. First of all, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy states in his preface: "He (Gill) told me once that he had realised that the doctrines of Hinduism and those of Christianity were essentially the same." (Pg. XII). Surely no Catholic can agree to this "tolerant attitude." The second objection to the book comes from one of the essays: *Clothing Without Cloth*. In this essay Gill states some of the advantages of nudism. This essay is offensive to any decent man. Gill has none of the natural reticence with which modesty clothes the sacred subject of sex. His autobiography fails miserably in its attitude toward this matter. Prudery is one thing and indecent preoccupation is another thing. It is worthy of note that a recent issue of the American

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

Ecclesiastical Review disapproved of Gill's Auto-biography even in the "expurgated" edition. This lack of respect for the decencies of life spoils some of the work of this undoubtedly great thinker.

Rev. William H. Russell has just issued the third volume of his valuable *Chats With Jesus* (Ken. 134 pp., \$1.00). These simple, informal and intimate talks with Christ are inspirational for all. The human characteristics of the Son of God are the constant theme of these *Chats*. A soldier wrote home to his mother that he and his buddy found them excellent reading while waiting for their landing barge to land on enemy shores. These small books would make very convenient companions on the car to work in the morning.

Maryknoll *Men of Maryknoll* (Grosset and Dunlap, 191 pp., \$1.00) by James Keller and Meyer Berger continues the saga of Maryknoll in the field. The ten chapters of this book tell the difficulties, the humorous situations met with in the life of a missionary. An attempt is made to preserve the humanness of the missionaries by the constant use of their own narratives of their lives. Letters, diaries and reports to the motherhouse form the basis of the tales. In the course of the reading we realize that these heroic men have been our neighbors in our own communities at home.

Father Meyer is the former Iowa farmer who uses his marvellous mechanical knowledge to bring souls to Christ. Father Gerry Donovan, whom we read about in *When the Sorghum Was High* was the first Maryknoller to be killed in China. Some men of Maryknoll from their internment camp saw the B29's of Doolittle roar on their way to Tokyo. Father James Cummings is the Chaplain who prevented a panic from breaking out in a bombed hospital on Bataan. Maryknollers are also laboring in the jungles of South America where they are priests, doctors, nurses, teachers, planters, storekeepers, and veterinarians for the Indians. All Catholics will find *Men of Maryknoll* very inspiring reading. Religious communities would enjoy this book in their common spiritual reading.

Maryknoll Mission Letters (Field Afar Press, 55 pp., \$.50) are published twice a year. Letters and reports from the missionaries furnish interesting reading.

THE LIGUORIAN

China is the land of mystery for most Americans. But our interest in her has been aroused by the stubborn defense against the mechanized might of Japan and by our entrance into the war as her ally. Florence David has spent over twenty years of her life as a Maryknoll Sister in study and research on the Chinese people and history. *Our Neighbors, the Chinese* (Field Afar Press, 92 pp., paper cover \$.50) is an excellent introduction to the character of the land and people of China. A survey of her forty seven centuries of history, the religious, political and national ideals that motivate the Chinese, presents a complete outline of all the facts about China that an American should possess. *Our Neighbors, the Chinese* is required reading for all who desire a brief yet adequate survey of China.

PAMPHLETS

A Father Talks to Anti-Lifers, (Liguorian Pamphlet Office, 24 pp., 10 cents) is a forthright statement by a father of three children on what is being missed by those who have succumbed to the pagan propaganda which induces them to limit their families by sinful means. He speaks with an emphasis that comes straight out of his experience, and therefore with an effectiveness that can hardly be equalled.

On Saying "No" to Boy Friends, (Liguorian Pamphlet Office, 10 copies, 25 cents) model statements of principle to be made by girls and young women when invited to take part in actions that are sinful and dangerous. A valuable aid to mothers to supplement their instructions to teen-agers.

Troops of the Virgin, by R. A. Gaydos (Liguorian Pamphlet Office, 5 cents) is an excellent introduction to the nature and purpose of the Legion of Mary.

Lay Action — Rev. Francis Ripley has outlined a *Blueprint for Lay Action* (Paternoster Publications, Ltd., 16 pp., 4d.). The personal responsibility of each member of the Mystical Body for the conversion of those who do not belong to it is brought out in these few pages. The suggestions for personal contact in the work of the apostolate are very illuminating.

Thoughts on Perfect Contrition — Spiritual First Aid (Catechetical Guild, 14 pp., 2 cents) is a short explanation of the nature and utility of the act of perfect contrition by Rev. R. Southard, S.J.

The Mass — If I Be Lifted Up (Catechetical Guild, 64 pp., 15 cents) by Rev. Paul Bussard explains how Our Lord draws all things to Himself in the Mass. Short questions follow the treatment of each chapter. A diagram outlines the structure of the Mass. Well recommended for private study and for group discussion.

A Declaration on Peace and Reconstruction, (Central Bureau Press, 31 pp., \$10) is a specific plan adopted by the Catholic Central Verein in its convention. The plan is a restatement of the fundamental principles of the natural law that must be applied in the enactment of any just peace. — *Very clear and concise outline.*

The Rise of Capitalism, (O.S.V., 34 pp., \$10) is a historical study of the origins of Capitalism by Father Thomas A. Meehan. — *Good.*

For those who use the daily Missal, **The Mass Year** (Grail, 128 pp., \$30) will solve many problems about the Mass for the day. The Masses for every day are outlined, and meditations on the Sunday Collects are included in the booklet. A very practical guide for profitable attendance at daily Mass, and a help for use of Missal on Sunday.

The Way of the Cross (Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., 20 pps., 5 cents) is adapted from an old compilation of liturgical and biblical texts.

The Liturgy and Victim Souls (Sponsa Regis, Collegeville, Minn., 32 pps., 10 cents) by Dr. Rossmann, O.S.B., inculcates that we too must be victims if we are going to imitate the Victim of our altars. Very good and inspiring.

MISCELLANEOUS: Let Us Know the Pope (Our Sunday Visitor, 40 pps., 10 cents) by Father Charles Hugo Doyle, is a short character study of Pope Pius XII as a man of courage, of science, a diplomat, and a man of prayer.

Who Is Jesus? (Our Sunday Visitor, 13 pp., 5 cents in lots of five) by Father Frederick Houck, is a brief sketch of the Messianic prophecies.

Rating of Best Sellers

I. Books that are suitable for family reading:

Nods and Becks — *Adams*
The American Character — *Brogan*
China Takes Her Place — *Crow*
Building of Jalta — *De la Roche*
Margaret Brent Adventurer — *Grant*
Lost Ulitz — *Harding*
Ranger Mosby — *Jones*
How Dear to My Heart — *Kimbrough*
No More than Human — *Laverty*
Escape While I Can — *Marlett*
Anything Can Happen — *Papashavily*
Papa Was a Preacher — *Porter*
Here Is Your War — *Pyle*
Three Religious Rebels — *Raymond*
Coming Major! — *Stone*
Immortal Wife — *Stone*

II. Books that are suitable for adults only because of style or contents or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

The Cat's Whisker — *Bailey*
Young'un — *Best*
Winged Peace — *Bishop*
They Called It "Purple-Heart Valley" — *Bourke-White*
Many a Watchful Night — *Brown*
My Country — *Davenport*
The Mystery of Iniquity — *Fursey*
Golden Rose — *Hinkson*
I Lied to Live — *Janta*
Deep in the Delta Country — *Kane*
Battle Report: Pearl Harbor to Coral Sea — *Karig*
Story of a Secret State — *Karski*
Now With the Morning Star — *Kernan*
The Love Letters — *Massie*
Brave Men — *Pyle*
Gentlemen from Massachusetts — *Schriftgiesser*
Seven Pillars of Peace — *Sheen*
Small Fry — *Steig*
Mother Wore Tights — *Young*
A Treasury of American Folklore — *Botkin*
The World We Live In — *Bromfield*
Try and Stope Me — *Cerf*
Earth and High Heaven — *Graham*
Lost Island — *Hall*
Where Away — *Perry*
Cluny Browne — *Sharp*
Puzzle for Puppets — *Quentin*
Winter Wheat — *Walker*
None But a Mule — *Woolcott*

III. Books that are not recommended to any class of readers:

World's Beginning — *Ardey*
And Now to Live Again — *Barton*
They Dream of Home — *Busch*
The Winds of Fear — *Carter*
Ourselves Unborn — *Corner*
Ride With Me — *Costain*
Joseph the Provider — *Mann*
Strange Fruit — *Smith*
Man in the Shower — *Arno*
They Dare Not Go A-Hunting — *Cornwell*
Caesar and Christ — *Durant*
A Great Time to Be Alive — *Fosdick*
The Razor's Edge — *Maugham*
Forever Amber — *Winsor*
Night Unto Night — *Wylie*

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

The Irish foreman of a gang of railway men was walking along his section of the line when he found one of his men sound asleep. With a smile, he said: "Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye're out of work."

*

A Jew was buying a winter overcoat, and his wife was accompanying him, giving advice in the selection. After he had tried on several overcoats he came to one he liked and said to his wife:

"It's a nize coat, Rachel, but, oi, so expensive!"

"Go ahead, if you like it, take it — don't be so Scotch!"

*

The portly man was trying to get his seat at the circus. "Pardon me," he said to a woman, "did I step on your foot?"

"Possibly so," she said, after glancing at the ring. "All the elephants are still out there. You must have."

*

A fisherman got such a reputation for stretching the truth that he bought a pair of scales and insisted on weighing every fish he caught, in the presence of a witness.

One day a doctor borrowed the fisherman's scales to weigh a new-born-baby. The baby weighed forty-seven pounds.

*

Mrs. Gray — "You're looking very happy this morning. Have you had good news?"

Mrs. Green — "Wonderful! My husband has broken down and we're going to Palm Beach for the winter."

*

"For goodness sake," scolded the angry wife, after having asked her husband for the fifth Sunday to accompany her to Church, "the neighbors will soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded."

*

"You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to, Daniel, I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you," growled the husband. "There you go again. Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the paper."

*

An old colored man was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb; it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an' be as green as you is."

A posse was formed to hunt for a ferocious lion that escaped from a circus. Before starting on the dangerous pursuit, the sheriff took the posse into a saloon. "Have a drink, boys, before we go on the lion hunt." All accepted save Abie Cohen.

"Come, on, take a whiskey, Abie," cried the sheriff.

"Not me," answered Abie, "It giffs me too much courage."

*

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?"

"It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"The length of the sermon."

*

"I think it's a disgusting state of affairs when one reads of comedians earning more than cabinet ministers!"

"Oh, I dunno. On the whole they're funnier!"

*

Some time ago there was a headon collision on a certain railway and numbers of people were injured. When the wrecker arrived the crew began to search the wreckage for bodies before attempting to move any of the cars and found an old Negro Pullman porter fast asleep in the wreckage. After waking he was asked, "Didn't you know that you were in a wreck?"

He replied, "No, sah, Boss, I did feel sump'n kind of jolty but I t'ought dey was a-puttin' on de dinah."

*

Actor — "Yes, my friends, usually my audience are glued to their seats."

Friend — "What a quaint way of keeping them there!"

*

A deacon was lifting one of those detailed petitions to the Throne of Grace that the congregations are expected to overhear.

"Lord, send the unfortunate people of this community such sustenance as they sorely need. Send them a wagon-load of bread, and a barrel of salt, Lord, and a barrel of pepper — no, thunder, Lord, that's too much pepper!"

*

The irate customer shook his portrait in the photographer's face.

"Do I look like this picture? The thing's an outrage. Why you've given me an awful squint and the look of a prize fighter. Now, answer me, and no nonsense about it. Do you call that a good likeness?"

The tactful photographer scanned the print, then looked at the customer.

"The answer," he said, "is in the negative."

Pamphlets for Lent

1. EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN by D. F. Miller. A comprehensive examination of conscience, listing all sins as specifically mortal or venial, and adding helps and counsels and short penitential prayers. A must pamphlet for a good Lent.

Price, 10 cents each; \$7.00 a hundred.

2. VISITS FOR VICTORY by St. Alphonsus Liguori. A visit to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin for every day of the month. Hundreds of editions have been printed and millions of copies are in use every day. This edition is for those who really want to pray for victory and peace.

Price, 10 cents each; \$7.00 a hundred.

3. TROOPS OF THE VIRGIN by R. A. Gaydos. A new pamphlet explaining the modern crusade in behalf of souls called "The Legion of Mary." An inspiration to members of the Legion, and an introduction to those who have not heard of it.

Price, 5 cents each; \$3.50 a hundred.

4. BLESSINGS IN ILLNESS by D. F. Miller. "An ideal gift for any sick person," says a prominent physician, "and the ablest assistant of any doctor." Recommended by soldiers themselves for other hospitalized soldiers.

Price, 25 cents each.

5. THE WAY OF THE CROSS by St. Alphonsus Liguori. The most popular of all the texts for making the way of the cross, together with reprints of the famous Schmalzl colored pictures of the stations. Prepared for congregational use.

Price, 10 cents each; \$7.00 a hundred.

ORDER FROM THE LIGUORIAN

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Unobjectionable for General Patronage

Reviewed this Week

Ghost Guns
Gun Smoke
His Brother's Ghost
She Gets Her Man
This Man's Navy

Previously Reviewed

Babes on Swing Street
Brazil
Cowboy from Lonesome River
Crazy Knights
Cyclone Prairie Rangers
Dangerous Journey
Dead or Alive
Fighting Lady, The
Firebrands of Arizona
Forty Thieves
Gangsters of the Frontier
Great Mike, The
Gypsy Wildcat
Hitchhike to Happiness
Keys of the Kingdom
Lake Placid Serenade
Law of the Valley
Lights of the Old Santa Fe
Marked for Murder
Meet Me in St. Louis
Meet Miss Bobby Socks
My Pal Wolf
National Barn Dance, The
National Velvet
Nevada
Oath of Vengeance
Old Texas Trail, The
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay
Pearl of Death
Reckless Age
Riders of Santa Fe
Saddle Leather Law
San Antonio Kid
San Diego, I Love You
San Fernando Valley
Secret Mission
Sergeant Mike
Shadow of Suspicion
Sheriff of Las Vegas
Sheriff of Sundown
She's a Sweetheart
Silver City Kid
Since You Went Away
Sing Me a Song of Texas
Singing Sheriff, The
Song of the Range
Stagecoach to Monterey
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier
Sweet and Lowdown
Swing Hostess
Tall in the Saddle
That's My Baby
Town Went Wild, The

When the Lights Go on Again

Whispering Skull, The
Wilson
Vigilantes of Dodge City
Wild Horse Phantom

Unobjectionable for Adults

Reviewed this Week

Adios Juventud (Spanish)
Alaska
And Now Tomorrow
Army Wives
Arsenic and Old Lace
Atlantic City
Belle of the Yukon
Between Two Women
Between Two Worlds
Big Bonanza, The
Big Show-Off, The
Black Magic Monogram
Block Busters
Bowery Champs
Bowery to Broadway
Bride by Mistake
Call of the Jungle
Call of the South Seas
Can't Help Singing
Carolina Blues
Casanova Brown
Castle of Crimes
Cheyenne Wildcat
Clinax, The
Code of the Prairie
Conspirators, The
Dancing in Manhattan
Dangerous Passage
Dark Mountain
Dark Waters
Dead Men's Eyes
Delinquent Daughters
Destry
Double Exposure
Dragon Seed
End of the Road
Enemy of Women
Enter Arsene Lupin
Ever Since Venus
Experiment Perilous
Falcon in Hollywood, The
Falcon in Mexico, The
Girl Rush
Going to Town
Greenwich Village
Grissley's Millions
Guest in the House
Hail the Conquering Hero
Here Come the Waves
Hi Beautiful
Hollywood Canteen
I Accuse My Parents

I'm From Arkansas

In the Meantime Darling
Irish Eyes Are Smiling
Jade Mask, The
Janie
Kismet
Last Ride, The
Laura

Lost in Harem
Mademoiselle Fifi
Main Street After Dark
Maisie Goes to Reno
Man in Halfmoon Street, The

Maria Candelaria (Spanish)
Mark of the Whistler, The
Marriage Is a Private Affair
Marthe Richard (French)

Mask of Dimitrios, The
Master Race, The
Missing Juror, The
Moonlight and Cactus

Mrs. Parkinson
Mummy's Ghost, The
Murder in the Blue Room
Murder, My Sweet

Music for Millions

Music in Manhattan

My Buddy

My Gal Loves Music

Naughty Marietta

Night Club Girl

No Escape
None But the Lonely Heart

Oh What a Night

One Body Too Many

Practically Yours

Princess and the Pirate, The

Seventh Cross, The

Shadows in the Night

Something for the Boys

Step Lively

Story of Dr. Wassell

Strange Affair

Suspect, The

Tahiti Nights

Thin Man Goes Home, The

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Three Is a Family

Till We Meet Again

To Have and Have Not

Tomorrow the World

U-Boat Prisoner

Under Secret Orders

Unwritten Code, The

Very Thought of You, The

Wac, A Wave, A Marine, A

Waterfront

Weird Woman

When Strangers Marry

Wing and a Prayer

Winged Victory

Woman in the Window, The

Youth Runs Wild